**OUTLOOK FOR EUROPE'S JEWS** *by* **WILLIAM ZUKERMAN**


# NEW MASSES

February 19, 1946

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## THOREZ: France's New Statesman

**by LOUIS ARAGON**

## NEW TURN IN CHINA?

***by FREDERICK V. FIELD***

## THE WORLD OF SHIPS

***by RICHARD O. BOYER***

***ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:*** *The Case of Earl Browder, by the Editors; Howard Fast reviews Philip Foner's "The Complete Writings of Thomas Paine"; Morgan's Billion-Dollar Baby, by Robert Friedman; Drawings by Philip Evergood, Shoshannah, Pvt. Harold Paris, Helen West Heller, Gropper, Forrest Wilson, Irving Aimen.*


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# BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND the doors of that department of NM whose business it is to meet the public and generally see to it that NM functions outside the strict limits of its thirty-two pages has been brewing one of the most interesting and exciting projects that the magazine has undertaken. Our chief regret is that we won't be able to participate in it directly, since it will come off in Detroit. It all grew out of discussions by our Doretta Tarmon and Mercedes Owen with several Negro artists who were commenting on the bitter fact that some of the most capable artists in America are consistently denied the chance to participate in major exhibitions because they are Negroes. Then it was suggested that there ought to be an exhibit somewhere where reactionaries are making special efforts to discredit the Negro people. And Detroit—where Gerald L. K. Smith, among other sinister figures, has been concentrating his poison—seemed the natural place. The result? An exhibition to be held March 3 to 10, called a "Tribute to the Negro People," in which a significant collection of the distinguished work of contemporary Negro artists will throw the lie in the enemy's teeth. The sponsors, NEW MASSES and the National Negro Congress. If you wish to participate, see details on page 29.

THE annual awards of the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature of the New York Public Library, honoring both Negroes and whites who have helped to improve relations between the races and promote genuine democracy, have been announced. The winners include James Gow and Arnaud D'Usseau, Sterling Brown and Frank Sinatra, all of whom NEW MASSES honored at its cultural awards dinner last January 14. Also included are Lt. Gen. John C. H. Lee, who was responsible for the successful mixed combat units on the Western Front, Branch Rickey of the Brooklyn Dodgers for breaking Jim Crow in baseball, Dr. William J. Knox of the Columbia University atom project, St. Clair Drake and Horace Cayton for *Black Metropolis*, Ralph Bunche of the State Department (whose report on problems of colonial areas and UNO is still unpublished), Dr. Horace Mann Bond, first Negro president of Lincoln University, and others.

"OUT of the South, out of its beauty and its poverty, its good human beings and its suffering has come again and again an intensely poignant magnificence. The South has all the elements which breed greatness, and we will see this more clearly as more and more of her children give articulation to their dreams and their convictions. You do not need to look any farther than this book to see what I mean. Here in the stark, simple poetry of Don West, coming out of the very red earth of Georgia, is that compassion, that beauty, that identification with life, which gives meaning to greatness, which moulds our own hope. These poems, these *Clods of Southern Earth*, are something to cherish not only for themselves but for what they represent."

This is what Henrietta Buckmaster, who wrote about Georgia herself in *Deep River*, says of one of the first publications which will bear the imprint of Boni & Gaer, a new publishing house. Charles Boni, once of Boni & Liveright, was one of the originators of the Modern Library and the Little Leather Library. Joseph Gaer will be remembered by NEW MASSES readers for the lively election pamphlets done for PAC, "Every Worker a Voter," "How to Canvass," etc., which appeared in *The First Round*. Boni & Gaer promise a program to "fill the contemporary needs of clarifying social, economic problems in easy-to-read books, frankly pro-labor and anti-reactionary in presentation." Their first effort will be *Wind in the Olive Trees*, by Abel Plenn, former Chief of Propaganda Analysis attached to the American Embassy in Spain. It should help to make the "Friends of Frank Fay" and other pro-Francoites squirm (our comment, not B & G's). This will be followed by Don West's volume of poems on which Miss Buckmaster comments, and of which more than 9,000 copies have been sold in advance. *American Scriptures* by Carl Van Doren and Carl Carmer is also on B & G's list, along with books dealing with the Nuremberg trials, the struggles of South American peoples for freedom, Russian literature since the Revolution, etc. We expect B & G to help meet the limitless need for the writing and publication of progressive literature, the lack of which so many writers and critics and readers in and out of NM circles have so long lamented.

V. S.


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NEW MASSES

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# FRANCE'S NEW STATESMAN

## By LOUIS ARAGON

"HISTORY will say, perhaps, that one of the great merits of the Communist Party of France has been that it has, to use a phrase of Nietzsche, *reevaluated all values*. On the ideological front, we have furnished the working class with new weapons, while boldly retaking from the enemy those which it has usurped and reviled. We have won back the *Marseillaise* and the tricolor flag of our forefathers, the soldiers of the Year II of the French Revolution. We have won back the stanzas on liberty and branded the fascists, the enemies of the French people, with the words of Rouget de L'Isle: "They come into our very arms to murder our sons and our wives. (*Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras—egorger nos fils, nos compagnes.*)"

I can still hear that speech as if it were yesterday: in the setting of the skyscrapers of Villeurbanne, where later the Francs-Tireurs and Partisans of France exchanged shots with the Boches.[1] After the Congress, Georges Politzer and I discussed the great lesson Maurice Thorez had just taught us. It was at the end of January 1936, six weeks before Hitler's bold *coup* on March 7, the military reoccupation of the Rhineland. It was at the time that Xavier Vallat said in the French Chamber of Deputies: "France brings powerful military assistance to Russia, while if we are attacked, the USSR can bring us only a fragmentary, belated and, if I may say so, almost platonic aid." Pierre Laval was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Gustave Herve was writing: "We need Petain!" And on this point he agreed with a more obscure "patriot" who had to wait three and a half years to gain notoriety, a certain Paul Ferdonnet. Yes, it was really necessary to reevaluate all values. . . .

Politzer and I had not always been Communists; and even after we joined our Party we both had much to learn. We had to criticize the cumbersome heritage of the false masters of our youth: the disorderly thinking, the confusion in our generous ideas, and the feelings of cowardice which made it possible for *Gionism* to flourish among the students; and mingled with profound aspirations for freedom the intoxication of anarchy—the most stupidly pure anarchy, Monmousseau called it—political anarchy and intellectual anarchy. At first we found all that in our path and we were as if lost in the enchanted thickets of a malignant forest—I, no doubt, longer than Politzer. To learn again—we had to relearn how to recognize the sun in broad daylight. We both spoke of the road along which we had travelled before we came to this central square of Villeurbanne. It was natural for us to compare our two experiences, that of the philosopher and that of the writer. Ten years before we had met in strange shadows, in a world in which the absurd was king.

Both of us already knew in 1936 what we owed to Maurice Thorez; we both recalled Thorez saying five years earlier: "No puppets in the Party! Let everyone speak up!" That was in our Party, the Party to which we had devoted our hearts as well as our minds.

The voice of Thorez had given us strength and courage to criticize our last and newest idols, all the traces of that bourgeois anarchism which we bore within us and which we disguised grotesquely in revolutionary trappings. Dear, unhappy Politzer! We did not know as we spoke of the passage in Thorez's speech on the *Marseillaise* that you would die six years later in the ditches of Mont Valerien, singing the stanzas on liberty, the words of Rouget de l'Isle about the fascists! But like us thousands, then hundreds of thousands and millions of Frenchmen were moved by the words of Thorez. And from these words was born the spirit which inspired our Partisans who fought at Villeurbanne. . . .

Paul Hogarth.

VILLEURBANNE 1936, Arles 1937. . . . They are dates which mark off the history of our conscience. Arles 1937: later, when the Germans were there, I wrote these lines in a poem which the enemy did not understand and the closing stanzas of which General de Gaulle quoted in a speech broadcast from Algiers:

*Il y a dans le vent qui vient d'Arles des songes*
*Qui pour en parler haut sont trop pres de mon coeur*
*Quand les marais jaunis d'Aunis et de Saintonge*
*Sont encore rayes par les chars des vainqueurs. . . .*

(*There are dreams in the wind which blows from Arles*
*Which are too near my heart for me to speak of them aloud*
*When the yellow marshes of Aunis and Saintonge*
*Are still furrowed by the chariots of the conquerors. . . .*)

It was at Arles perhaps, at the end of December 1937, that he whom a whole nation calls in friendly tenderness "Maurice" appeared before us with that insight, that broadness of view and dramatic power of expression which contrast so sharply with the qualities of those of whom Goebbels could say that it was the good fortune of the Nazis to find themselves confronted with only a government of dwarfs. "We hope," said Thorez, "the world will not fail now to recognize the true face of France. . . . The blow struck by Laval's diplomacy against collective security encouraged the German initiative of March 7, 1936. The absence of any counter-measure on the part of France

[1] VILLEURBANNE: a town on the outskirts of Lyons where the Eighth National Congress of the French Communist Party was held, January 1936. Other notes on persons and events mentioned here will be found at the end of this article.



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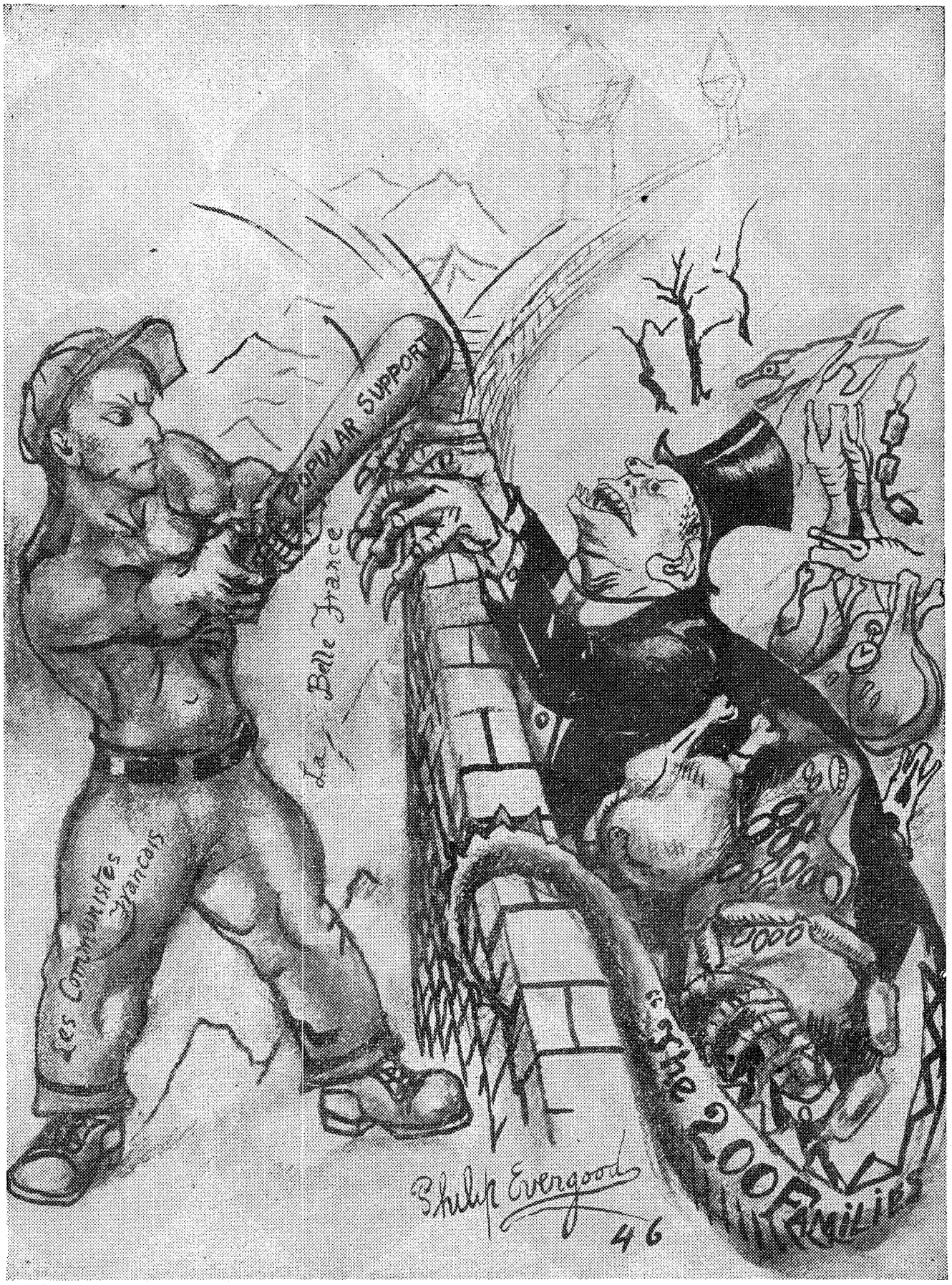
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after March 7—our Communist Party alone spoke clearly and plainly for the future of our country in that tragic period—confirmed the countries of Central and Eastern Europe in their conviction that they could not count on the friendship of France in the event of danger. . . . The so-called policy of non-intervention was the most savage blow struck against collective security, the gravest failure to uphold France's duty. . . . Thenceforth it was enough for the aggressor to be in league with an internal rebellion for the aggression to be baptized "civil war" and for the aggressor to escape the penalties of international law. . . . *There still exist in France and in all the countries friendly to France the elements of a fifth column.* In our land too self-styled nationalists place their narrow class privileges and class hatreds above the national interests of the country."

The thoughts which the wind from Arles brought me in 1942 were the great lesson of Thorez: unite, unite, unite! That was why we stretched out our hands to the Catholics, as prelude to our comradeship-in-arms in the Resistance. Remembering that lesson, I tried at that time to translate it into poetry:

*Qu'importe comment s'appelle*
*Cette clarte sur leurs pas*
*Que l'un fut de la chapelle*
*Et l'autre s'y derobat*
*Celui qui croyait au ciel*
*Celui qui n'y croyait pas. . . .*

(*What matters the name*
*Of that clarity on their steps*
*Whether one was of the church*
*And the other one was not*
*Whether one believed in heaven*
*And the other one did not. . . .*)

And the wind blowing from Arles brought me other words: "We can affirm with a clear conscience that the road of our Party is the one which leads to a free, strong and happy France. . . . Our members have strengthened the Party. The Party has strengthened our members. It forged them, educated them to cope with all situations. It made of them more capable men and women, more generous, with warmer hearts. It awakened them, brought forth in them the finest qualities of mind and heart. . . ."

In 1942, when I dreamed of Arles I had before my eyes the vision of the men of Chateaubriand, Gabriel Peri, Politzer, Cadras, Salomon, Decour, dead on that road which leads to a free, strong and happy France. . . . And Maie Politzer and Danielle Casanova, taken away . . . all generous and warm-hearted men and women. . . . No, the wind from Arles did not bring empty words. The teachings of Maurice Thorez had shaped these generous and warm-hearted men and women who were unstinting in their devotion to France.

We must also know how to contrast this lesson with those taught by the cowards and capitulators, the deserters and the bewildered of those terrible years. It was in *Le Temps* that a jurist who enjoyed great prestige after Munich, Prof. Joseph Barthelemy, later Keeper of the Seal under Petain and author of the exceptional laws against the patriots, wrote: "To maintain three million Sudeten Germans under German authority, must three million Frenchmen die: my sons, yours, and all the student youth, the farm youth, and the young people from the factories and offices?" And Giono asserted: "It is better to live crawling on one's belly than to die standing."

I ASK you: who in France at that time replied to these cowardly words? Who after Munich, when a shameful chorus of fear was heard and when parties were given to celebrate France's failure to honor her signature—who raised an indignant protest against this forced betrayal of our duty? The party of Thorez. Was it not in the ranks of the party of Thorez, of those who were co-workers and disciples of Thorez, where those Frenchmen were who understood that the Spanish war was a dress rehearsal for a war against France and who in 1936 gave up everything to take up arms against our future aggressors?

The teaching of Thorez sent the French fighters to Spain, as in 1940 it built the Francs-Tireurs and Partisans. Our rulers abandoned Madrid; they abandoned Prague. They waged their own war at home, a war against those who denounced their shame. Leon Bailby, who later preached collaboration when Hitler was in France, unearthed a "Communist plot" to unleash a "Jewish War," like M. Jacques Bardoux, who in 1946 remains unpunished and a member of the Institute of France. As Bailby wrote: "On the defeat of France, the Soviets intend to proclaim a provisional government in Paris in opposition to the legal government. A second Commune is to be set up in the capital which will appeal to Moscow—and to Berlin—to come and restore order in France." Both Bailby and Bardoux were notorious eulogists and supporters of Petain; and it is well known that the threat of a government "of Maurice Thorez" in Paris set up by Hitler was the decisive argument General Maxime Weygand used to obtain an armistice and place Petain in power.

But who *did* call on Berlin to restore law and order in France? Those same people who placed their hatred of the French people above their love of country; those who, pushing on the wretched and pitiable Daladier before handing him over to the Germans, staged a nation-wide manhunt against the French Communists from Munich to May 1940, who dined with Ribbentrop and flirted with Goebbels, who abandoned our allies one by one, and who sabotaged the Franco-Soviet rapprochement. . . . They were the people who in their hatred of Thorez' party chose the party of Berlin.

And Thorez, what did he say then? "Frenchmen, unite!" That was his ceaseless cry, his appeal, his lesson. At Villeurbanne, at Arles, at the meeting of the Central Committee at Ivry in May 1939. In that period of our history, when division had become a principle and cowardice a law, Maurice Thorez summoned the people of France to two things: to unity and to courage. He is what the writer Maurice Barres once called a "professor of strength," the only professor of strength in that period of demoralization and shame. But not in the sense in which the men of the Right meant it: everywhere they clamored for *a man*. But Thorez knew that there were no men of destiny, no generals on horseback, no flaming dictators who could save France.

Thorez is a Communist. And for that reason he has faith only in the masses: not in a man, but in men. He did not teach strength to adventurers whom he would one day make police or Cabinet ministers; he taught it to the people of France. He was a professor of the masses. We saw the effects of his teachings when the Nazis were in France and the masses responded to his repeated appeals, to his lessons of unity and courage. And in our country, where the duped called for "a man," there were innumerable men and women, "generous and warm-hearted," who had gone to school to Thorez, who had understood his lesson of national strength, and who remembered, for example, his definition of the "concept of duty in France at the present time" from his speech to the Central Committee on Nov. 21, 1938. In that address he replied to the self-styled "pacifists" and the Munichmen: "War is



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here. Tomorrow it may strike our country. The dictators of Rome and Berlin, by their intervention in Spain, seek to isolate France in order to destroy it. And your snivelings, *Messieurs les pacifistes*, allow the fascists and reactionaries to exploit in most reprehensible fashion the sincere and profound love of peace which is in the hearts of all men and women. Your crocodile tears weaken the fighters who are dying for *your* freedom, for *your* peace of mind."

He who spoke thus was the man who, at Strasbourg in 1936, facing Hitler across the Rhine, read passages from *Mein Kampf*—which certain circles tried to hide from the French people, saying they were outmoded, retracted by their author. It was he who in 1938 at the Velodrome d'Hiver in Paris, just after Munich, denounced the pact as "the logical conclusion of the cowardly policy initiated by Laval." And it was he of whom Emile Bure, the noted journalist, wrote in *L'Ordre* of Nov. 22, 1945: "At last statistics tell us that the amount of coal mined by the miners of the Nord and Pas-de-Calais districts is consistently increasing, and that these miners have set as their quota the mining of 100,000 tons of coal daily. It is only fair to recognize that Maurice Thorez counted for no little part in their commendable resolution."

It is this man who has led our Party since the time when he cried out: "No puppets in the Party! Let everyone speak up!" When we were how strong? twenty to thirty thousand perhaps . . . to today, when we are over a million, when 5,000,000 Frenchmen paid tribute, by voting Communist, to the meaning of Thorez' teachings for our Party and for France.

About a year ago, all sorts of objections were raised to Maurice Thorez' return to France. You remember. It was my profound conviction then that Thorez was as necessary to France as air is to our breath. When at the end of August 1944, emerging from the mist of the clandestine struggle, I could for the first time speak publicly in France, I broadcast on the radio at Grenoble. I resolved that the first thing I would say would be to express my profound conviction that France needed Maurice Thorez. I wrote in *Ce Soir* in November 1944: "Will people understand me if I say that in every one of my acts, in moments of danger as well as when I sat down to write, I always asked myself: 'What would Maurice Thorez think of that?' And I had but a single idea: to be worthy of him in order to be worthy of France.

"And there were those who refused to allow him to return to his country and to take his place again among us. I could not remain silent. I never remained silent before the Germans or Petain. Now that France has again become France—why should I keep silent? I owe this tribute to my country and to its government. We fought for freedom. In the eyes of the world Paris is the capital of liberty. But as long as there is a city forbidden to Maurice Thorez, the world will not believe that liberty has re-lit her torches here."

In December 1944 he came. And in less than a year, it was recognized everywhere that from this professor of strength Frenchmen might regain the will to work and a sense of duty in the task of national reconstruction. These very weeks the deputies of the French people and the sentiment of all France have judged his presence in the government to be an essential condition of national unity. For he is still the man who untiringly calls for unity of all Frenchmen against war and fascism, who is able to summon national strength against the spirit of capitulation and for a rebirth of our country.

His presence in our leadership is a guarantee that there shall be no Munich of production, even if once more a Munich were necessary for those who "place their narrow class privileges and class hatreds above the national interests of the country," and who once again seek in national defeat an opportunity to rid themselves of the Communists and restore their own class privileges. Even if once again the apologists of cowardice preach laziness, and find new Barthelemys, new Gionos, new Weygands, to confuse the minds and hearts of the people.

Several months ago, on June 30, 1945, in his closing speech to the Tenth Congress of the French Communist Party, Maurice Thorez declared:

"And now, where is the mortal danger for our country? It is in the field of production, where the same elements which provoked the defeat and the invasion of our land are consciously pursuing a plan of disintegration and disorganization for our country. They wish to create chaos, economic disorder, a troubled atmosphere to favor their attempts to set up a dictatorship. They still cling to the old reasoning: 'Let France perish before our privileges are touched.' The trusts and their agents are trying to discourage the working class and the people: that is their new form of Munich, of non-intervention, of subversion. Yesterday they counted on cowardice; today they would like to count on laziness. . . ."

This is a key passage. Many who are accustomed to consider political speeches mere words would do well to read it attentively, to think about it and reflect on it. Perhaps if they studied closely, they would see how it sheds light on many things which for the moment may seem obscure, baffling, and incomprehensible. Perhaps it best explains—certainly, it explains—the reasons for the profound disillusion which, at least momentarily, no Frenchman who feverishly awaited the liberation of our country has escaped.

And surely if they listen to Thorez they will find the lost path, the French path, which leads to the "singing tomorrows." We will follow Thorez, who says: "We must make France great again, we must guarantee in more than words alone the material conditions for French independence."

The lessons of Villeurbanne and Arles still hold today. No, our enemies inside and outside the country do not allow us to forget them. Nor do they shake our faith in the man who embodies them. He, Maurice Thorez, the tested *reevaluator* of all French values, will *reevaluate* France.

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POLITZER: a teacher of philosophy, shot by the Nazis during the occupation.

FERDONNET: French traitor who spoke regularly over the Nazi radio station in Stuttgart during the period of the "phony war."

GIONISM: From Jean Giono, French writer who defended the Munich Pact and preached "pure pacifism," "the return to the soil," etc.

MONMOUSSEAU: Secretary of the CGT, the confederation of French workers.

ARLES: The ninth national congress of the French Communist Party was held at Arles.

CHATEAUBRIAND: near Nantes, where the first mass execution of hostages took place.

PERI: Member of the Central Committee of the French Party, foreign editor of *L'Humanite*. Peri led a passionate campaign against Munich. He was shot during the occupation by the Germans.

CADRES: Member of the Central Committee of the French Party, shot by the Germans.

JACQUES SALOMON: Professor of physics; son-in-law of the great scientist Paul Langevin, one of the guiding spirits, along with Politzer, in mobilizing French intellectuals against fascism; shot by the Nazis.

JACQUES DECOUR: Professor of Literature, editor-in-chief of the literary magazine, *Commune;* shot by the Nazis.

MAIE POLITZER and DANIELLE CASANOVA: deported to the extermination camp at Oswiecim.

BAILBY: Editor of the reactionary Paris daily, *Le Jour*.



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# MORGAN'S BILLION-DOLLAR BABY

**By ROBERT FRIEDMAN**

Pen and Ink by Pfc. Harold Paris.

WHEN Philip Murray vigorously indicted America's trusts, and primarily US Steel, for their plot "to destroy labor unions and to remain unchallenged in [their] determined efforts to obtain uncontrolled profits," there was no doubt that he spoke for the 6,000,000 working men and women he serves as president of the CIO.

When, on the other hand, the press headlined: "FAIRLESS REJECTS TRUMAN OFFER," the reader got little more enlightenment than the skimpy information that one Benjamin J. Fairless, president of US Steel, had again thumbed his company's collective nose at the American people. An intriguing and pertinent question, and one on which the newspapers are understandably silent, is: For whom does Benjamin J. Fairless speak? What interests does he represent?

The coy reticence of the press on the ownership and control of US Steel, certainly a newsworthy subject while the biggest strike in American history goes on, is no mystery when one realizes that the steel colossus has been from its very birth an outstanding instrument of big business' drive for more profits and more power.

The sprawling industrial conglomeration of steel plants, shipyards, cement factories, etc., known as US Steel was created in 1901 by J. P. Morgan in order to eliminate unprofitable competition among the steel companies. Capitalized at $1,100,000,000, the steel giant heralded the era of the billion-dollar trust controlled through the use of interlocking directorates and financial manipulation to the complete exclusion of the individual stockholder.

Morgan's purpose has been more than realized. Continuing since 1901 under the domination of the Morgan interests, US Steel and the men who have controlled it achieved tremendous political as well as economic power. In 1902, the second year of its existence, it was already enjoying an income greater than that of the United States Treasury itself. By 1937, the Temporary National Economic Committee was able to report that US Steel's manufacturing capacity was "approximately that of all German producers combined. It is almost twice that of the entire British steel industry and more than twice that of the French mills combined." TNEC revealed further that US Steel in 1937 owned and operated approximately 150 subsidiaries. Its properties included 2,000 oil and natural gas wells, eighty-nine iron ore mines, seventy-nine coal mines, forty stone quarries, 100 ocean-going and other vessels, railroads, 5,000 coke ovens, fire brick and cement plants.

By Jan. 1, 1945, the company, in control of forty percent of the steel industry's assets, and two and a half times larger than its closest rival, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, had amassed the staggering total of $2,082,374,000 in assets, with a reserve of $376,625,000 and undistributed profits of $206,916,000.

Feasting at this gargantuan table through the years have been not only the Morgan interests, but Rockefellers, Mellons and a veritable cross-section of



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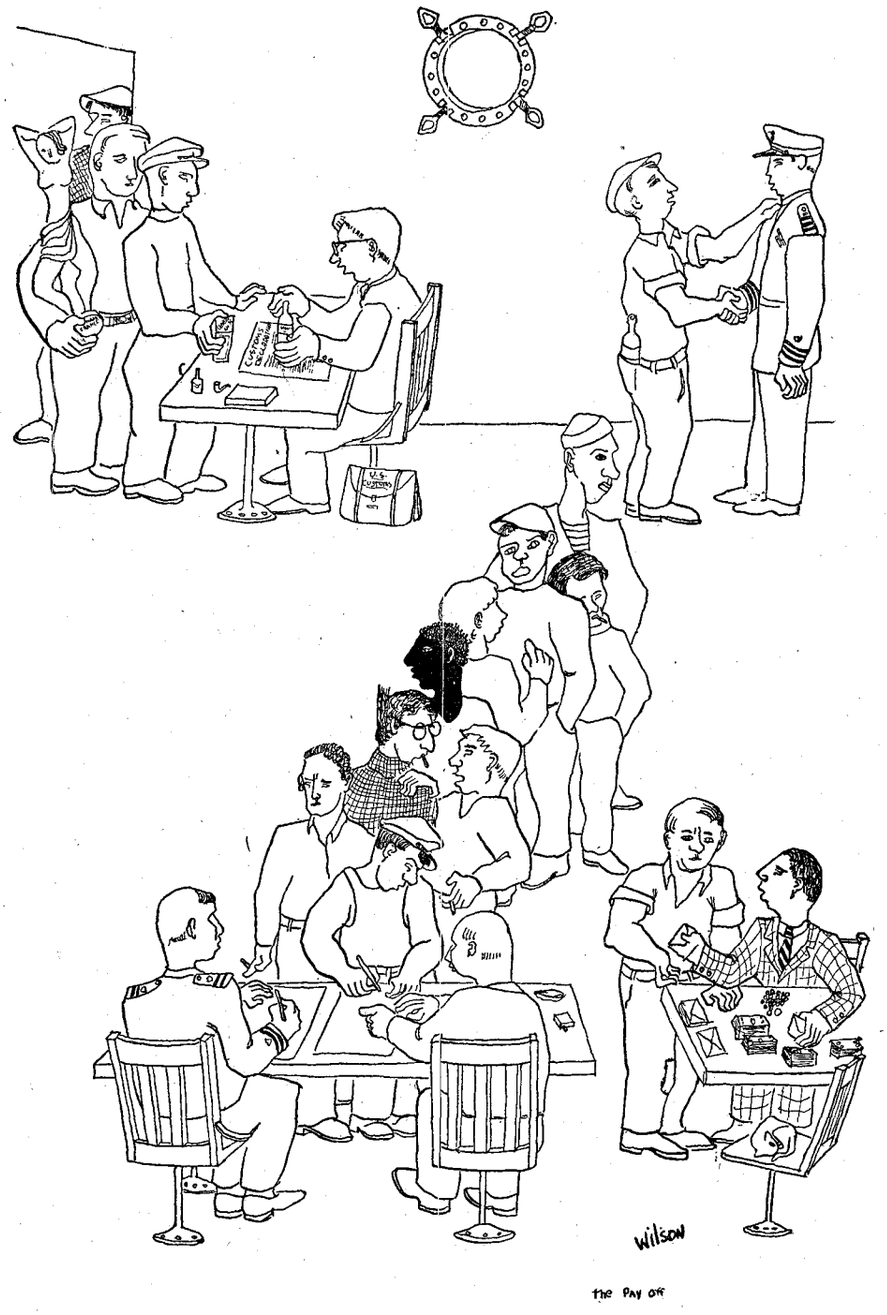


**"The Payoff," pen sketch by Seaman Forrest Wilson.**

the financial rulers of America. In the steel trust's early days, John D. Rockefeller sold its Minnesota ore properties at a price said to have approximated $70,000,000. US Steel paid Rockefeller partly in stock, and John D. and his son were added to the company's board of directors. While in recent years the Rockefeller name has disappeared from the list of large shareholders, the Rockefeller-controlled General Education Board recently still held 10,000 shares of the company's stock. Moreover, the Chase National Bank, which is Rockefeller-dominated, and the Manufacturers Trust Company, in which Rockefeller interests are also involved, were both cited by the TNEC in 1939 as holding substantial blocks of US Steel stock.

The nation's major life insurance companies, in the orbit of the Morgan and/or Rockefeller clans, were listed in the same TNEC report as heavy stockholders in US Steel. New York Life Insurance Co. held $12,345,825 of the trust's preferred stock in 1939; Metropolitan Life held $9,672,475; Equitable Life, $5,336,175, and Prudential Life, $5,273,025.

Although the Mellon interests have busied themselves of late with the aluminum monopoly to the neglect of steel, they too have been the beneficiaries of US Steel's largesse. At one time Andrew W. Mellon was reported to possess as many as 30,000 US Steel shares. Vivid testimony to his concern for the welfare of the steel trust may perhaps be found in the fact that US Steel received $96,000,000 in tax refunds during Mellon's reign as "America's greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton."

IT IS the House of Morgan, however, which has consistently dominated the trust from the first. Elbert H. Gary was handpicked by J. P. Morgan to be the chairman of the steel trust more than thirty years ago, while Edward R. Stettinius, a recent chairman of the board before he became a government official, is the son of a former Morgan partner. J. P. Morgan & Co. served as US Steel's banker, and while the Morgan interests directly have owned a comparatively small percentage of the trust's stock, the amount held, as we have seen, by banks and insurance companies in the Morgan sphere of influence has always been impressive.

Closely rivalling US Steel's massive economic and financial power has been its influence, both overt and concealed, on the government of the United States. The presidents, chairmen of the board and counsels for the steel trust have "graduated" with alarming frequency into the highest cabinet posts of our nation. Edward R. Stettinius, who moved from various important government jobs to the key post of Secretary of State, preceding the present incumbent, James Byrnes, did so after toiling first as assistant to the president of General Motors and later as chairman of the board of US Steel.

Stettinius was actually following a pattern quite familiar to US Steel, since Robert Bacon, a Morgan partner and steel trust director, and Elihu Root, counsel for a major subsidiary, Carnegie Steel, both served as earlier Secretaries of State. Other sons of US Steel who took a turn in "serving the people" in Washington included Truman Newberry, president of a subsidiary, who became a Secretary of the Navy. Parenthetically it might be noted that the Navy, big steel user that it is, has ever

(*Continued on page* 14)



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# RICHARD O. BOYER'S PAGE

## THE WORLD OF SHIPS

THE *Susquehanna*, named for a river in Pennsylvania, throbs through the Gulf of Oman on her way to Bandar Shapur and the *John Brown*, once the name of a man in Kansas, is slipping through the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland bound for Leningrad. The *Shiloh*, Montana wheat in her hold, is in the Bay of Bengal and the *Cripple Creek*, bearing Minneapolis flour and coal from Illinois, cleaves the Tyrrhenian Sea one day's run from Naples. The *Wabash* is off Java, the *Bald Eagle* is dropping anchor at Buenaventura and the *Cherokee* steams through the Mozambique Channel near Madagascar bound for Zanzibar and Mombassa. The *John P. Altgeld* is tied up at a Liverpool dock and when the crew is asked who Altgeld was they tell a story of brave men hanged and of a Chicago strike and a governor in Springfield, Illinois, half a century ago.

All of these are National Maritime Union ships, part of the 2,000 that ply the seas bringing American cargoes, American crews and American names to the earth's far places. As you read this the *Tom Johnson* is far from Cleveland, where the name's first owner fought and died, perhaps in the Aegean bound for Piraeus, and the *Golden Rule Jones*, another name known in Ohio, is or soon will be in the Gulf of Guinea off Africa's Nigeria and Cameroons. One thinks of the plain American names so far from home, names written on gray bows through which the rust is showing, or of a single ship moored to a rickety dock, the dry, stiff leaves of palm trees clacking in the wind, a turbaned, barefoot native wondering the meaning of letters spelling such a word as *Gettysburg*.

All over the world the American names are moving through the day and night, most of them as little known as some fly-specked railway depot in Arkansas, the *Amanda Miller*, the *Caleb Crawford*, the *Martha Thorpe*, ships bearing the names of people who once lived over in Kankakee County, ships with names referring to those less formally known in their lifetimes as "Poor Aunt Mattie" or "Uncle Jack." They rest in cemeteries now—for ships are seldom named for the living—near the Eel River in the North End or in the old graveyard on the other side of the First Baptist Church, but their names go on beyond them cleaving strange and foreign seas.

The great names part the waters, too: the *Valley Forge*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Booker T. Washington*, the *Frederick Douglass*, the *Joe Hooker*, the *Ethan Allen*, the *North Star*, the *Tom Jefferson*, the *Elijah Lovejoy*, the *Thomas Edison*, the *Artemus Ward*, the *Natchez*, the *Wilderness*, the *Yankee Sword*, the *Henry Thoreau*, the *Crispus Attucks*, the *Maine*, the *Antietam*, the *Thomas Paine*, the *Kewanee*, the *William Lloyd Garrison*, the *Bull Run*, the *Mark Twain*, the *John Reed*, the *Vicksburg*, the *Abraham Lincoln*, the *Herman Melville*, the *Paddy Whalen* and the *Joe Hill*—names of places and people that leave an echo in the American heart.

They are a part of the 7,000 American merchant ships built during the war, mostly of the Liberty and Victory class. Now as they push through the night their riding lights of red and green bob once more in the darkness, nor are they in convoy or escorted by men of war. If the weather is pleasant and the night is soft, yellow circles of light, like a string of circular lanterns in the blackness, punctuate the ship's sides. Portholes once more are open, not painted black, shut and dogged down, for light no longer is something to be fought, concealed, feared. The radio, no longer mute for fear of indicating position, is turned on, its music rising softly above the ceaseless soothing fall of the wash curving away from the bow and the voices of some of the crew enjoying the night on deck are relaxed and easy in the darkness. The scarcely-heard pulsing of the engines, as constant and unremarked as the flow of the body's blood, the almost imperceptible vibration of the decks is an anodyne and when it ceases at last one feels a vague and distressing longing as if for something precious not quite remembered.

Some of the crew sit in the stern's darkness and watch the wake, a silver highway churning in the moonlight. Often one of them has a guitar which he strums tentatively and when he sings it is more often a song of labor than of the sea. It is not unusual to hear the ballad of Joe Hill, the American Wobbly framed and executed in a Montana copper strike, sound out over the phosphorescent waters of the South China Sea.

*I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night*
*Alive as you and me*
*"Why Joe," said I, "you're ten years dead."*
*"I never died," said he . . .*
*Wherever men are out on strike*
*Joe Hill is at their side. . . .*

MUCH of such evening talk is of personalities, grievances, conflict. For every ship, no matter how remote from home, is a miniature America with all its stresses and strains, problems and rivalries. As a ship cleaves the Java Sea, or perhaps turns from the Red Sea into the Persian Gulf, the labor problem is as ever present, at least on some vessels, as it is on a picket line in Chicago, and perhaps more bitterly so because of the small arbitrary boundaries confining any struggle within the ship's sides. As in every city, so on every ship, there are labor-baiters, Negro-baiters, one hundred percent Americans who cannot abide a fellow American of foreign birth, and as the ship churns its way to Mombassa or Valparaiso bickering and fighting and argument sometimes continue and sometimes are solved by the union and men of good will. No human situation, or no human, for that matter, is static and each crew on each trip solves or fails to solve its ever shifting problem of living together. During the war these tensions of race and ideology, these petty little rivalries, jealousies and ambitions sometimes continued into the face of death itself, but more often they lifted and the crew became as a single man as they battled off the Nazi bombers, as the depth bombs sent geysers of water leaping into the sky, as the three-inch guns blazed away and forty-millimeter anti-aircraft circled with the



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enemy planes, their tracer bullets spacing the stream of steel with separate golden circles.

As the crew in these days of peace, or at least those of the crew off duty, sit on deck and talk in the evening, conversation almost always turns to the war. It will be so for a generation, for this was the high point of thousands of lives and, moreover, neither the privateers of the Revolution nor the sailors of 1812 gave more of life and will to war than the men of the NMU. As story after story continues one begins to gain a picture of a ship in wartime, perhaps entombed in the blackness of night, a dark shadow pushing its way across a silent, watery universe. A ship, even in convoy, is so small compared with the wilderness upon which it floats. Within an hour after one is hit there is often no sign of it. The great swallower moves above the point where the ship sank as if there were nothing beneath, as if nothing had ever happened there.

I remember one story about the *Santa Rosa* and it, more than most, somehow emphasized the strange, mysterious complexity in which we move. When the *Santa Rosa* was bombed to destruction in the Mediterranean the lives of its crew of 248, until a few weeks before disparate in time and space, fused into a common end. The paths of the Chilean revolutionary, the Harvard graduate, the Chinese cook, the Cockney steward, the Norwegian bosun, the Puerto Rican pot boy, the Iowa farmer, the Harlem Negro had finally crossed and met, despite every kind of detour, on the deck of a sinking ship off the coast of Africa. The Albanian whose path had so often led up the mountains ascending from the Adriatic, the Indiana farm boy whose steps had worn the grass away as he skirted the south thirty acres to the creek in the willows, the boy who had walked so often beneath the metallic screech of the "El" in Chicago's Loop had walked the world toward this moment which joined them on the sea-washed, listing deck of the *Santa Rosa*. And the ship sank and soon the sea was blue and calm, rimmed by the perfect circle of the horizon.

**"Sugaring Off," woodcut by Helen West Heller.**

## The Little Judgment

Winter 1944

The night of the long knives approaches.

Is there a shadow over the great cities?
It is the shadow of death.
Is there someone moving in the dark forest?
It is the faceless assassin.

And the legless statue running through the roman forum
A child's cry crucified on the flags of the carpathians
Dark the moon lies on the dalmatian coast
And down the danubian valleys the first wolf-packs. . . .

There is a phalanx of flags redder than an open wound
Strikes demonstrations riots strikes insurrection
One can find the way home by the flash of knives in the darkness
Machine-guns at midnight

It is the little judgment, the penultimate; they are reading the will of the hunchback,
The will of the small people, the poor, the insulted and injured.

An animal cries in the forest.
Wine is no longer sweet to the rich,
And the powerful, telling their fortunes, turn up the jack—
that is the stranger, the newcoming one.
Turn up the ace of spades or *Le Pendu*, the Hanged Man.

Perhaps they will pack and leave with their favorite mistress?
But their chauffeurs have all deserted,
Have joined a new army.
They look on the maps. There is no haven there, and already
The edges curl and a flame licks through in the middle.

There is a rumor of destruction in the black wind
And a rumor of desolation
And there is terror in the trance of noon though not a leaf moves not a blade of grass is stirred
A rumor of rumors
A tremor on the ticker-tape, fear in the bankers' churches

What ghost is moving in the big houses?

SGT. THOMAS MCGRATH.



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# OUTLOOK FOR EUROPE'S JEWS

**By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN**

One of the most curious and entirely unforeseen developments of the early postwar period in Europe is the rise and growth of what seems to be a new Jewish problem in Germany, particularly in the American zone. Of all the places in Europe, Germany was the last one where a Jewish problem was expected after the war. The Nazis had begun to "solve" the Jewish problem in Germany as far back as 1933, and at the outbreak of the war they had succeeded almost fully—Germany had no more Jews left and therefore no Jewish problem.

But facts have a way of bringing up most fantastic surprises and this time, too, they have brought a curious paradox out of the confusion and chaos of the war aftermath in Europe—a problem of displaced Jews in Germany. In many respects this is a strange problem and unlike anything that has ever been known before in Jewish problems. It does not stem from anti-Semitism, as do most Jewish problems; it has nothing to do with persecution; the people involved are not German Jews; nor is this in any real sense a problem of Germany. True, it is a legacy of Nazism, but Germany itself is only the physical stage upon which the drama, or tragedy is being enacted.

And yet, this piece of accidental trouble is being worked up now into a veritable storm of international and nationalistic politics. Passions are inflamed, ancient prejudices are aroused, deep-seated bias stirred, and a persistent effort is being made by friends and enemies alike to raise this question to the status of a real Jewish problem with all its complicated psychological and other implications. Herein is the pity, almost the tragedy of the displaced Jews, for their real problem is in no way a problem of all the Jews of Europe; it is a distinct, individual problem which is not typical of the bigger, present-day Jewish problem; it has none of their prejudices, complications and passions, and it could be easily solved if only a clear-cut separation could be made of it from the general Jewish problem in Europe.

When the war was over, the victorious Allied armies which entered Germany found in German camps, under most pitiful conditions, many millions of people of all nationalities whom the Nazis had brought to Germany for slave labor. Among these unfortunates were also approximately 200,000 Jews from all countries in Europe, but mostly from Poland. These people were the most unfortunate of all the unfortunate victims of Nazism, for whereas all the others had been brought to German camps only for slave labor, these Jews were brought here for extermination, and were used for slave labor only temporarily until they could be gassed, cremated, or otherwise killed. Thus about 4,000,000 of these Jews had been exterminated. The more than 200,000 who remained alive were the remnants of one of the greatest mass-murders in history.

With the liberation of Europe thousands of these people, particularly those hailing from the West-European countries such as France, Belgium, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Czechia, and even Austria, have returned to their homes. Even now, hundreds and thousands of displaced Jews are leaving the camps and trickling back to the countries from which they were uprooted by the Nazis and are beginning the heart-breaking task of rebuilding a new life on the ruins of the old. Approximately 100,000 displaced Jews (the exact number is not known; it is variously estimated between eighty to a hundred and twenty-five thousand), most of them Polish Jews, refuse to go back to their old home and prefer to remain in the German camps. To these must be added another 25,000 to 30,000 Jews who have escaped from Poland since the end of the war and have also been placed in the same status as the original 100,000 former slaves. These people, 150,000 at most, are the so-called "displaced Jews," and they form the problem which has attracted so much attention.

Shoshannah.

It is well to remember that the displaced Jews are not the only displaced people in Europe, or in Germany now. The war has left millions of them of all nationalities. Even now Germany alone has more than a million displaced persons who, for political, racial, nationalistic and other reasons, refuse to return to their old homes. But whereas in the case of the displaced people of other nationalities the problem is handled as that of individuals who for some reason or another do not want to return to their old homes, the case of the displaced Jews is being made a collective problem of all the Jews in Europe. Theories of "evacuation" and "exoduses" of all European Jews are being advanced, and a big national Jewish problem is being raised as a continuation of the pre-war Jewish problem in Europe which must be solved now once and for all according to the various party formulas and panaceas.

Without reflecting on any of these panaceas, it is necessary in the interest of truth and of the Jewish displaced persons to establish that this is not the case. Painful as the problem of the displaced Jews in Europe is, it is not the problem of all the Jews in Europe, nor a national problem of all the Jews in the world. Facts which have emerged from Eu-



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# Legacy

Always in the buried memory
the lean Virginian in the bitter valley
comforts his men in the frozen camp.
And whenever the blood congeals and the will retreats,
the stern Virginian cries:
*Go back, the enemy is back there*
*Do you think my flesh was battle-proof?*
*My bone was as brittle, my blood flowed as easily as yours,*
*my hunger and cold were greater:*
*go back!*

And we go back.

Always in the dark memory
a tall man walks in Washington.
He sees the wounded land, the long healing,
the new conspiracy forging the old chains,
the freedmen again enslaved.
And whenever the spirit sickens before vistas of corruption,
lamenting: O is there any end to it, is there always another battle?
the quiet frontiersman says:
*Do you think I thought Appomattox was the end?*
*Clearer to me than to the hindsight of historians*
*were the faces of the assassins,*
*the rot beneath the mansion reared on blood.*
*I tell you*
*there is no end to it,*
*there is always another battle,*
*and the only answer is to fight.*

Always in the deep memory
we walk with them, we are taller for their presence,
we listen to their voices . . .
and we fight.

SEYMOUR GREGORY.

rope since the end of the war show without any doubt that the position of the Jews in Europe is better now than it was before the war. The fact is that in most countries of Europe there is now no special Jewish problem. Jews suffer, of course, with the rest of the populations of Europe, from all the terrible hardships and pain attendant upon a world ruined by one of the most terrible wars in history—from starvation, epidemics, homelessness, broken families, civil strife and other evils which are the aftermath of war. But they do so together with all other people of Europe, as an integral part of Europe. There are no special discriminations against Jews as Jews, such as abounded in Europe before the war; there are no laws against them, no political, social or religious movements against them, no violent propaganda which had poisoned the very air of Europe under fascism.

In France, Belgium, Italy and the Scandinavian countries the treatment of the Jews by the governments and by the people is better than it has been since the First World War. The Nazi anti-Jewish laws have all been abolished; Jews are everywhere returning to their old homes and rebuilding their lives on the same terms of equality with other people. No one openly advocates raising discriminations against them because of their Jewishness; their presence is taken as a matter of course. The non-Jewish world, official and unofficial, is particularly helpful. Social, political, and religious institutions have never been more friendly.

Thousands of Jewish children are still being brought up by French, Belgian and Italian families and by church institutions as they were during the war. Seventy-five percent of the Jews of France are working at their old trades and occupations. The same process is going on in Belgium, Holland, Italy and other countries in Western Europe. "I can state with certainty that anti-Semitism is on the decline in Western Europe," recently declared an authority on the Jews in Europe and an official of a nationalist Jewish organization after a tour of an investigation of Western Europe (Dr. Leon Kubowitzky, general secretary of the World Jewish Congress). A similar report was given by an investigator of a non-Zionist organization (Max Gottschalk of the American Jewish Committee). The many public and official thanksgivings of the Jewish communities in Europe to the various governments of Europe and to the churches for the aid and friendship given to the Jews during and after the war are a matter of record.

IN EASTERN EUROPE, in Rumania, Poland, Hungary and the Balkan States, where the bulk of the remaining million and a half Jews of Europe lives (outside Soviet Russia), the situation is incomparably better than it was before the outbreak of the war. Those countries were before the war the hotbeds of political, social and psychological anti-Semitism. They were drenched with a fierce anti-Semitic propaganda, which was the largest single factor of those countries. Jews were officially persecuted, humiliated, robbed, exiled and murdered as a matter of government policy. It would be too much to expect that an anti-Semitism so long fostered should disappear the first year after the war. But the worst aspect of that anti-Semitism—the political one—which had caused most of the suffering and deaths of the Jews during the Nazi era, has been definitely eliminated together with the fascist regimes.

In Rumania and in Poland, anti-Semitic propaganda and violence have been outlawed and made a criminal offense, as in Soviet Russia. Leading anti-Semites in these countries have been rounded up, are tried and punished as war criminals, or they are being eliminated from social, political and educational life where they did most of their mischief. The Rumanian and Polish universities, the cesspools of the most zoological type of anti-Semitism for two generations, have now been cleansed of that poison. As in the west of Europe, all the Nazi anti-Jewish laws have been abolished. For the first time in two generations, Jews in Eastern Europe are protected by the governments, instead of being persecuted by them.

It is too early to expect that the seeds of anti-Jewish bias implanted in the people for generations, should all be ex-



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terminated immediately, but the machinery for the dissemination of anti-Semitism—the fascist press, the radio, the churches, the schools and higher educational institutions—has been stopped. This happened in Russia, which before the First World War was also the hotbed of anti-Semitism and is now free from that scourge, and it will happen also in Rumania, Poland, Hungary and other east-European countries. These countries are following the Soviet policy of dealing with anti-Semitism as an integral part of fascism that must be exterminated if society is to live. This principle has yielded fruit in Soviet Russia and, if human experience and reason mean anything, it is bound to bring the same harvest in the other countries of eastern Europe.

The outstanding fact which emerges from the first half year of liberated Europe is that anti-Semitism is now weaker. In Poland, which is in a class by itself, the struggle against anti-Semitism is very intense. Contrary to the gloomy foreboding of all nationalists that Hitler has poisoned the minds and the souls of all the non-Jewish people of Europe with anti-Semitism for generations to come, the facts during the war and since the liberation show exactly the reverse. All over Europe there is a pronounced revulsion against anti-Semitism, particularly in its brutal Nazi form. Not only legally and politically, but also morally and socially the people of Europe are turning away from anti-Semitism, because through five years of the greatest anguish and pain it has been engraved upon their souls that anti-Semitism is the most dangerous weapon of the fascism which almost brought them to destruction, and they have developed an instinctive and rational aversion for it. The bulk of European Jewry cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to be in the same homeless and hopeless condition as are the displaced Jews. Many European Jews doubtless think of, and will emigrate to, Palestine, or to other countries, and the opportunity for that should be given them. But no sane person or party plans, or even dreams, of evacuating the entire Jewish group from Europe any more than evacuating any other national group en masse.

THE displaced Jews in Germany who do not want to return to Poland have various very good and valid reasons, which might hold also for other people. These reasons did not necessarily originate in the Nazi death camps of Poland; they go further and deeper, to the entire period between the two world wars in Poland. A glimpse of Jewish life in Poland during that period would show that it was a period of the greatest anguish, physical persecution and spiritual humiliation that any Jewish group had lived through in centuries: and this does not exclude the Jews in Nazi Germany. For Nazi anti-Semitism with all its beastliness and savagery was primarily political, a means to an end. The anti-Semitism of pre-war fascist Poland was pathological; it was nationalism become abnormal, almost mad. The physical attacks on the Jews in the streets, parks and public places, the daily beating of Jewish students, men and women alike, in the universities and high schools of Poland had no parallel even in Nazi Germany.

Years of such physical, economic, social and political persecution, together with the terrible humiliation and degradation of the human personality which Polish anti-Semitism deliberately sought to inflict on its victims, has called forth in the Jews of that country a passionate desire to escape from that land such as has no parallel in modern times. Thousands of Polish Jews before the war were known to walk on foot for hundreds of miles to escape from Poland; they organized underground movements for that purpose; they underwent terrible hardships, such as sailing on small boats at sea for months just to get away from fascist Poland. It was not merely a search for safety, but still more a passionate desire for the restoration of their human dignity which had been undermined and shaken by years of humiliation and contempt.

This pathetic desire easily found an outlet in the movement for the return of the Jews to Palestine and for the restoration of the ancient national Jewish independence and glory. Modern Zionism of the period between the two

"Just a moment—"



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world wars was primarily a product of Polish Jewry. It supplied not only the human material for the upbuilding of the present Jewish community in Palestine, but also the driving force, the passion and the yearning for dignity and equality with other people which is the spiritual foundation of that movement. It is this passionate inner drive and the memories of the pre-war fascist Poland that is, more than the recent Nazi death camps, responsible for the refusal of the displaced Jews to return to Poland and for their no less stubborn desire to go to Palestine. In addition, these people know that they are the last remnant of a once great and gifted Jewry which was brutally exterminated, and this puts upon them an almost unconscious duty to carry out its unfulfilled destiny—flight from Poland and settlement in Palestine.

It would be beside the point to argue with these people about the merits and demerits of Palestine and to offer them other more practical solutions for their problem of homelessness. They are not merely searching refuge, shelter, or even a home. They are the heirs of a tragically lost people and of its unrealized idea—the restoration of its group dignity—and they will not rest until they bring this about. This is, admittedly, not an ordinary reason which an UNRRA official like General Morgan could understand; but then these people, who have lived in Nazi death camps and have seen their families gassed and cremated, have not led ordinary lives with commonplace experiences. They have psychological needs which are no less essential than the need for shelter and these must be taken into consideration by those who want to help them toward real rehabilitation. These people are the shell-shocked soldiers of Hitler's war on the Jews and they deserve special consideration and treatment.

THE problem of these displaced Jews is, by itself, not difficult to solve. The number of these people in all the camps in Germany and in Austria, in both the American and British zones, does not exceed 100,000 now. Including even those Jews who recently fled from Poland and were placed in the category of displaced persons, they cannot number more than 150,000. With the Jews in all other parts of Europe gradually returning to their old homes in an atmosphere of greater friendliness than they have known before and with the greater opportunities which a ruined Continent offers to a greatly reduced Jewish population, the prospect of other Jewish immigration into Palestine than from the ranks of the displaced persons is very small. Palestine can admittedly take in 150,000 Jews over a period of years and greatly benefit by their labor, enterprise and idealism as it did by that of the other Jews who came before the war. The Jewish community in Palestine is eager to accept them; Jewish relief organizations the world over would readily provide the necessary means for their transportation and settlement. Even the Arabs, who had never been unfriendly toward the Jews until their nationalist passions were aroused, could be made to see the historic justice and the benefits to their country from such an immigration, and could be persuaded to give their consent to it, if they were assured that this would remain an act of humanitarianism, not a means for the acquisition of greater political and nationalistic power.

IT IS in this that the tragedy of the displaced Jews lies. The minute the question of nationalism—the curse of our age—is introduced into it, all the passions and hates of men are aroused and a simple, straightforward act of justice and right which could be accomplished with greater ease than the transfer of a million and a half Greeks after the First World War is distorted into one of the most complex international problems of centuries. A problem of a handful of the most unfortunate victims of Nazism becomes the problem of all the Jews in Europe. Fantastic evacuation and exodus campaigns are planned and advertised widely for Jews who never dreamed of leaving their homes.

Men of the type of General Morgan begin to see international Jewish conspiracies. Arab chauvinists see a nightmare of Palestine overrun by the five million Jews left in Europe and by many millions more from the United States and other countries. Anti-Semites all over the world find new ammunition for their propaganda in the alleged fact that Jews are quitters; that they remain in their homes only when they are well-fed and prosperous. Thus, before long the story of the displaced Jews in Germany may become another anti-Semitic fable like the Protocols of Zion, unless all who are concerned with the problem—the American and British military authorities, Zionists and Arab nationalists, the Jewish and Arab people—lift it from its present entanglements with nationalistic passions and struggle for political power, and make of it what it should be—a plan for the saving of the bodies and souls of 150,000 Jewish men, women and children.

## Morgan's Baby

(*Continued from page 8*)

been tenderly nurtured by the steel trust.

In what practically amounted to a family affair, one steel trust representative followed another in the same cabinet post. This occurred when Philander C. Knox, former Carnegie counsel and Attorney General under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, was replaced by George Wickersham, an attorney for US Steel.

From its inception the company has consistently used its wealth and power to the detriment of its own workers and the majority of the nation's population. Its very formation was in violation of the federal anti-trust law. The Supreme Court, however, gave US Steel its official blessing in 1920 in a decision which asserted that the "many millions spent" in creating the steel trust and the investments made by it were "not to be ignored." US Steel fought unionization of its workers fiercely, right down the line of its company towns. As recently as 1928 its subsidiary, Carnegie Steel, employed a miniature army of 475 private "coal and iron police," as well as a labor spy system, to combat unionization.

The steel trust also bitterly resisted the reduction of working hours, and the United States was (except Japan) the last major country to abolish the long work day in the steel industry. US Steel boss Elbert Gary was never known to retreat from his advocacy of the twelve-hour day for steel workers.

Wage rates established for common labor by the trust have always been the key rate for all American industry. When the steel monopoly forced a ten percent wage cut on its employes in the bleak Hoover days of October 1931, its example was followed swiftly by large sections of the nation's industries. In 1937, however, Big Steel was knocked off its high horse by the CIO unionization drive and was forced to recognize the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, which later became the United Steelworkers of America.

This then, is the giant corporation whose antecedents, huge resources and power are so diffidently treated by the press. US Steel stands today as a symbol of the monopoly capitalism which in the auto-electrical and other industries as well menaces the people of America.



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# THE CASE OF EARL BROWDER

## By THE EDITORS

THE National Board of the Communist Party has voted unanimously to recommend to its National Committee the expulsion of Earl Browder. The board's resolution, on which the National Committee will probably have acted by the time this issue of NEW MASSES is off the press, states the reasons for this vote. It is important to understand these reasons.

The Communist Party is a voluntary association. It consists of people who band together because they agree with its principles and want to achieve its purposes. Under the Party's constitution only such persons are eligible for membership. The constitution also provides that any eligible person "who accepts the aims, principles and program of the Party as determined by its constitution and conventions," belongs to one of its clubs and participates in its practical work, is to be considered a member. The last convention of the Communist Party in July 1945, rejected Browder's approach to national and international problems as a revision of Marxist-Leninist principles and removed him from leadership. This action was taken after a two-month discussion throughout the ranks of the Party during which Browder and his small number of adherents had every opportunity to present their views. Under the Party constitution and in keeping with historic Communist practice Browder was duty-bound to accept the majority decision and help carry it out. This he pledged to do at the convention.

Instead, after at first remaining aloof, he later passed, in the words of the National Board's resolution, "from being a passive oppositionist to an active opponent of the Party." The board resolution cites a number of examples of this active opposition. We shall here confine ourselves to one aspect.

Recently reports have appeared in the commercial press that Browder had gone into business, had set up an agency to provide economic analyses for businessmen and was publishing a weekly trade paper called *Distributors Guide*. We have seen several copies of this publication. It is the most curious "trade paper" that has ever come our way. Each issue consists of one or more articles by Earl Browder on such subjects as American imperialism, President Truman's message on the state of the Union, the strike situation, the struggle in China, the ousting of De Gaulle, etc. These are *political* articles. All are a defense and elaboration of Browder's anti-Marxist theories. They are a continuation of the role which Browder sought to play as leader of the Communist Party—the role of adviser to the capitalists on how to preserve their system and make socialism "unnecessary." And they contain attacks on the Communists, who are usually lumped with the reactionaries in such phrases as "cynics of both right and left."

It is clear that this so-called trade paper is a fraud. *The real business Browder is engaged in is the publication of factional political propaganda directed against the program of the Communist Party and serving the interests of American imperialism.*

For example, the whole of the January 19 issue of the paper is devoted to an article on what Browder calls "a new pattern of imperialism" as expressed in American foreign policy. Browder announces a great discovery: that American imperialism, as a result of its enhanced economic position, is seeking to beat down still further its already weakened British rival by converting the latter's colonies into American commercial colonies. Browder notes the fact that this "new pattern" was already described by Lenin in his *Imperialism* which cited the relationship of Argentina and Portugal to Britain as examples of "countries which, formally, are politically independent, but which are, in fact, enmeshed in the net of financial and diplomatic dependence." But what Browder omits mentioning is that whereas Lenin characterized this pattern as reactionary, he, Browder, describes it as progressive; what Lenin branded as a form of imperialist oppression, Browder eulogizes as colonial liberation! (We regret we are unable to give you Browder's exact words since his publication forbids quotation except by special arrangement.)

THE full bankruptcy of Browder's position becomes clear when he tries to explain how it happened that at the San Francisco Conference, when the trusteeship proposal was discussed, the "liberator," US imperialism, sided with the colonial oppressor, Britain, against the goal of genuine liberation advocated by the Soviet Union. Browder explains this abandonment of what he assures us is fundamental policy in terms of a single individual: the death of President Roosevelt and the resultant confusion. Concerning the subsequent "liberating" features of American policy: the use of American tanks, planes and guns against the Indonesian people, the brazen intervention in China on the pretext of disarming Japanese troops—an intervention curbed for the present not by the "progressiveness" of the American imperialists, but by the resistance of the Chinese Communists and other democratic forces and by the weight of Soviet influence in the Far East—concerning all this Browder remains understandably silent.

In the February 2 issue of his paper Browder writes with rapturous admiration of the statements on foreign policy in Truman's message on the state of the Union—the message in which the President reaffirmed his imperialist Navy Day speech. Browder also speaks glowingly of the domestic program in that message—carefully neglecting to mention the President's listing as the number one point in that program passage of anti-labor "cooling off" legislation. He describes FDR's pigmy successor as the authentic wearer of the Roosevelt mantle who has demonstrated his strength of leadership.

We have cited enough to indicate that while Browder's position may have something to commend it to those who seek liberal apologetics for imperialism, it has nothing in common with Marxism. It differs from previous efforts to dilute and revise Marxist principles in that it abandons even lip-service to the idea of socialism and frankly undertakes to patch up the predatory crisis-ridden monopoly capitalist system.

The National Board resolution reports that at a hearing given him in accordance with democratic procedure Browder refused to answer questions or reply to charges. It is clear that he has launched a struggle against the Communist Party, the most advanced sector of the progressive movement. One may deplore the fact that he is trampling on all that was best in his own past. But when a healthy organism develops a cancer, there should be no hesitation in applying surgery.



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# NEW TURN IN CHINA?

**By FREDERICK V. FIELD**

THE Chiang Kai-shek dictatorship has been forced to call off the civil war and to surrender much of its reactionary power and many of its fascist-like methods. The struggle for democracy in China is not, however, over. The agreements recently reached at Chungking mean only that it can be continued under more favorable circumstances.

There were three main participants in the Chungking negotiations: the Kuomintang dictatorship, representing landlordism, feudalism, collaborators with Japan and other pro-fascists; China's democratic masses, whose spokesmen were the Communist Party, the Democratic League, other minority groups and sections of the Kuomintang itself; and the agents of American imperialism.

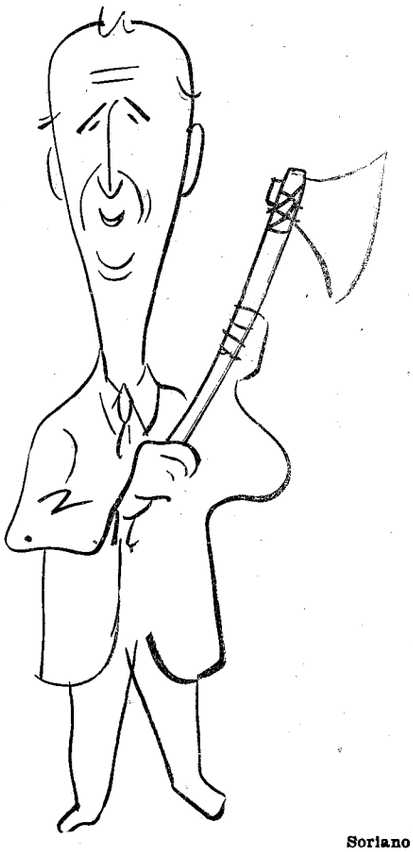
The agreements arrived at were a compromise. The democratic forces made concessions for the sake of unity. But they in turn wrung other concessions from Chinese reaction and American imperialism.

The nature of the compromise can best be examined in reference to each of the five major decisions. In considering these it will be well to remind ourselves of the role of American imperialism, for without the backing given by the Truman administration Chiang Kai-shek would have had only a fraction of the bargaining power he managed to wield.

The more fanatical American imperialists plainly hoped up to the very last moment that the war against fascism could be turned into a war against the Soviet Union and democracy in general. They failed. These fanatics then attempted to provoke a clash between American and Soviet troops, first in Germany following the Nazi surrender, and then in Manchuria or Korea following the Japanese collapse. For this plot to succeed in the Far Eastern theater two prerequisites were necessary: first, the resumption of large-scale civil war in China, and second, the involvement of American forces in that war on the side of Chinese reaction. It was assumed by the warmongers that such developments would speedily lead to international warfare with the United States and the Soviet Union on opposite sides.

During the Hurley regime in China official American policy inclined in this direction. Moreover, Far Eastern policy was in such a state of confusion in Washington, that almost anything could have happened. The scheme failed primarily because the Soviet Union and China's democratic forces refused to be provoked.

IT IS a mistake, however, to regard these particular warlike provocations as typical of the present policies of American imperialism. The dominant groups in the American reactionary camp, represented by the Truman administration, are playing a long-term game. The time is not ripe for a test of military strength. First must come a period of exploitation and profit-taking. The political and economic bastions of imperialism must be extended and strengthened, and that will take time. War is the conclusion of any imperialism; the "long-termers" in the American camp are no exception to this rule. They are, however, playing their game more cautiously than their lunatic fringe.



Soriano

The spread and continuation of the Chinese civil war was, therefore, a danger to the dominant imperialists in America. It had to be stopped, but stopped under certain conditions and at a certain moment. The imperialist framework had to be preserved and this objective involved the American government in an exceedingly tricky maneuver. Fighting had to be stopped in China and unity achieved in such a way as to avoid surrender to China's democratic people.

It was perfectly clear to American imperialists that at the end of the war the Kuomintang dictatorship was hopelessly discredited at home and, left to itself, incapable of striking any kind of bargain in political negotiations. Had the balance of forces within China been undisturbed by outside pressure China would speedily go democratic and with that democracy achieve a national independence in which imperialism would have no place. Consequently the imperialists could not leave the Chinese situation to itself.

IF ANY proof of this thesis is necessary it was dramatically supplied in the three tests of military strength between the Communists and Kuomintang in which the latter was not bolstered by American marines, planes and ships. During September and October of last year the Eighth Route Army won smashing victories against the Kuomintang first in Suiyuan, then against Yen Hsi-san in Shansi and finally against three of Chiang Kai-shek's armies in Honan. In the latter engagement alone the Kuomintang lost 50,000 troops. It was obvious that the Kuomintang was no match for the forces of democracy.

The purpose of American armed



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intervention in China after the Japanese surrender was to weight the balance in favor of Chiang Kai-shek. The story of that intervention is too well known to require repetition. The result of it was that the Kuomintang reactionaries were given a shot in the arm which served them—and American imperialism—in good stead when serious negotiations were finally undertaken. American troops, of course, remained during the negotiations and are still kept in China to see to it that the agreements are either not implemented or are carried out in the most reactionary way possible.

Viewed in this light it can be seen that there was no real break in American policy when Marshall replaced Hurley. Under Hurley the cards had been stacked, as far as American public opinion would tolerate, against Chinese democracy. That dirty job done, it was time for the American government to step in as umpire in a game played with the crooked deck dealt by our interventionists. Marshall, a figure of great prestige here and abroad, was selected for the job. The Hurley policy was continued, but at a new level and

# The Great Conspiracy

For years New Masses warned of the catastrophe that lies in store for the nation and the world's peace if anti-Sovietism persisted in poisoning the political atmosphere. We have tried to expose the falsehoods and uncover the conspiracies. We feel that we have, thereby, contributed in some measure towards the building of American-Soviet friendship—a friendship that is the stabilizer of world politics. Had that friendship been firm in the thirties, the war of the forties would never have descended. This is a truth that is becoming obscured and we warn again in the most emphatic terms that all the positive things that have been developed between the United States and the Soviet Union stand in great jeopardy.

If you have doubts that this is so turn to a report by Raymond Daniell in the New York *Times* of February 4. Mr. Daniell filed his dispatch from Munich, Germany. There is an ominous symbolism in that dateline. Hitlerism saw its origins there, as did a certain pact which signed Europe away to the Hitler domain. All thinking Americans were aghast when that happened and they can feel nothing less when they learn from the Daniell dispatch that eight years after the Munich agreement the United States Army—not the Wehrmacht—has in the American zone been subsidizing and organizing the scum of Europe into an anti-Soviet, anti-Polish, anti-Yugoslav fighting corps. These are anti-Semitic "armies of mercenaries," Daniell comments, sworn to fight the democratic governments of Warsaw and Belgrade as the first steps towards another world struggle against the USSR.

Think of it. American money has been clothing, housing and equipping the same brigands who paved the way for the Nazis. They are wearing American uniforms and they are stuffing themselves with the food and comforts denied the destitute thousands of Poland and Yugoslavia. An American army colonel reviews these mercenaries and leads them in cheers for their royal Yugoslav leader. Mr. Daniell may try to explain all this away by describing the American officers involved as politically naive. But there is method to this naivete as there is method in this madness. Naivete may be responsible for an isolated instance, but it is no longer naivete when it repeats itself 27,000 times, for that is the number of anti-Soviet personnel, according to Daniell, on the Army payroll. Add to them the anti-democratic Poles commanded in Italy by Bevin's Polish fascist puppet, Anders, and you have a fair idea why Molotov spoke last week of the "hotbeds" in Europe that menace peace and international security.

Is Eisenhower completely ignorant of what his subordinates are doing? What of the fine speeches he made in Moscow when he spoke for American-Soviet friendship? Are Byrnes and Truman turning their heads the other way and pretending that they do not know elementary facts available to a curious reporter? Only after a formal complaint was made by the Yugoslav Military Mission did the War Department decide to dismiss a few hundred of Mikhailovich's bandits. The rest still rub shoulders with American Army officers. That can only mean that these mercenaries are part and parcel of a larger plan to have on hand troops—the latter-day prototypes of the Hessians who fought against the American revolutionaries—who will be ready to throttle the new democratic forces of Europe if they can.

This is the way things are and they can only be stopped by an angry people who know that they will pay heavily in the end for the American Army's "naivete." We know by now the long and bloody history of plots to destroy the Soviet Union. That is what Mr. Vishinsky meant when he told Mr. Bevin that in the latter's words the Russians felt "the cold breath of an unhappy past." Last week a book was published in America which relates that past and what it has cost the world in men and treasure. No one can read this volume, *The Great Conspiracy*, by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn, without sensing that the imperialist powers are again up to their old tricks of espionage, intervention, sabotage and backroom intrigue, albeit in vastly changed circumstances since the day of America's Siberian adventure and of Britain's master spy, Sidney Reilly. The Sayers-Kahn book is "must" reading and we hope the publishers will be enterprising enough to make it available to many more thousands by issuing it in a popular-priced edition. We should also like to see this book published, as the Dean of Canterbury's book was, in five-cent copies, so that it will reach the hands of millions. This book is a powerful weapon in a critical moment when every force must be gathered to press back those who are preparing the way to an atomic hell.



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with different and more disarming personnel.

Chinese democrats, therefore, entered the Chungking negotiations with formidable obstacles in their way. The astonishing thing is the degree of success they achieved in spite of these obstacles.

The Political Consultation Conference which handled the negotiations was in itself a considerable victory for the democratic elements. It was composed of thirty-eight members, of whom only eight were Kuomintang. Seven were Communists, fourteen belonged to various smaller groups including those making up the Democratic League, and the remaining nine were nonpartisans (intellectuals and business leaders).

There were five points on the agenda: the government's immediate program; the formation of an interim government pending the adoption of a constitution and the formation of a permanent government; the composition of the constitutional convention; the draft constitution for submission to that convention; and nationalization of the armies. Each point involved important issues between the chief contending parties, the Kuomintang and the Communists. In each case the decision reached was a compromise. Only the principal decisions can be mentioned here.

The first thing to note, however, is that the entire agreement is meaningless until it is carried out. Chiang Kai-shek is notorious for going back on his promises. His signature to these agreements is therefore virtually worthless. The same can be said of American imperialism, which remains a very important and powerful factor in the Chinese situation. To cite one example of American duplicity: in his declaration on American policy toward China last November President Truman stated that the United States government would be prepared to extend credits and other forms of aid to the Chinese government provided that unity was actually achieved. Yet on January 17, two weeks before negotiations in Chungking were concluded, it was announced from Washington that a $33,000,000 credit had been extended to the Chinese government for cotton purchases by the Export-Import Bank!

The decisions on the program of the interim government are particularly susceptible to the deliberate evasion practiced by reaction. Chiang Kai-shek has pledged himself and his group to sweeping reforms of political and civil rights. These include guarantees of individual freedom and the release of anti-fascist political prisoners. To date only one individual, out of several thousands incarcerated by the Kuomintang, has been released. Only strong and continuous pressure from the democratic elements can assure the carrying out of such guarantees.

"Filibuster," by Irving Aimen.

THE interim government is far from the coalition which the Communists and Democratic League members wanted. Instead of a genuinely multi-partisan composition based upon the famous three-three-three system practiced in the Communist-led areas (one-third Kuomintang, one-third Communist, one-third other parties) the Kuomintang will retain half the seats in the principal governing organ. One-party rule has thus been modified, not relinquished. It will obviously be an easier parliamentary task for the Kuomintang to obtain the simple majority required to carry through routine measures and the two-thirds needed to alter the agreed-upon program than for the non-Kuomintang half of the state organ. The latter, among other points, will be spread among seven or eight political parties and will also include a number of nonpartisan personalities.

The Communists also found it necessary to concede important questions on the composition of the constitutional



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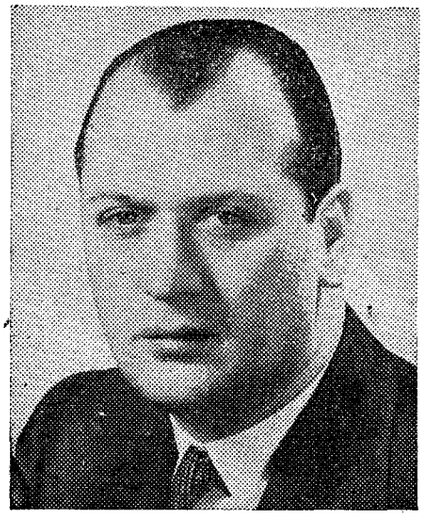
## By-election!



Johannes Steel

Above is the face that matches the resonant and quaintly accented voice that progressive New Yorkers hear nightly on the radio commenting on the news of the day. One of the rare commentators who are not bought and sold by the reactionary interests who monopolize the American radio, Johannes Steel has won a place for himself in the too-small collection of decent figures before the public eye and has been chosen by New York's American Labor Party to run for the place left vacant by the retirement of Congressman Samuel Dickstein in the 19th Congressional District, to be determined in an immediate by-election February 19. The ALP has already got a vigorous campaign under way. Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace has written a letter endorsing Steel as a fighter of "great courage and determination" against "world-wide fascism," and wishing him all success. The Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions has announced its support. And the leg work which makes the final decisions is in full swing.

It takes only a whiff of the filibustering going on on Capitol Hill to remind people how much Congress needs "delousing." It is not going to be easy, however, to win the by-election for the ALP; for Tammany, which is running its own candidate, is putting up a stiff fight, coupled with underhand maneuvers to get Mr. Steel off the baliot. And there is a Republican nominee as well. It will take all the doorbell ringing New Yorkers can muster to get Mr. Steel to Congress.

convention, known as the National Assembly. The original Assembly had been appointed by the Kuomintang Rightists, including the traitor Wang Ching-wei, ten years ago. The Communists and the Democratic League naturally pressed for a complete reconstitution of this Assembly so that it would reflect the actual political balance within the country. The final compromise agreed upon falls far short of this objective. Of the 2,050 delegates to the Assembly, which will be convened on May 5, 900 will come from the original Kuomintang list and another 300 will be elected by the Kuomintang under the old 1936 laws. The Kuomintang, moreover, will also have 220 of the 700 new delegates to be elected, leaving only 190 to the Communists, 120 to the Democratic League and 100 to the Youth Party (which is partly pro-Kuomintang). One hundred and fifty are to be elected in Manchuria and Formosa.

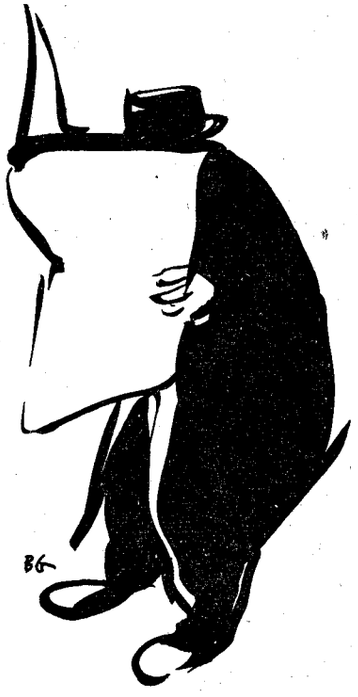
This concession is not as serious as it may appear offhand. An unwritten agreement was reached to the effect that the National Assembly would serve only to approve the work of a constitutional drafting commission of thirty-five members appointed by the negotiators. This multi-partisan commission, a proposal of Chairman Mao Tse-tung of the Communist Party, will, it appears from Chungking reports, put forward a series of drastic alterations of the original draft constitution advanced by the Kuomintang. These alterations, also of Communist origin, go far to make the constitution an effective instrument for democratic government.

The important question of military reform has wisely been made secondary to political reform. Demobilization of the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies will be conditional upon the carrying out of the political agreements reached in Chungking. Thus the main tenet of Chiang Kai-shek, that he would not undertake political reforms until the Communists dissolved their armies, has been thoroughly smashed.

What assurances are there that these agreements will be carried out? None, I believe, except the strength of the popular forces in China. They have proved capable of forcing from the Kuomintang dictatorship the very considerable reforms just noted. They have been able to do this in spite of Chiang Kai-shek's formidable American imperialist support. The agreements reached at Chungking go far beyond Mr. Byrnes' notions of democracy *a la* South Carolina. They provide a framework which, even though imperfect, opens the way to the resumption of China's revolutionary march which had been interrupted by Chiang Kai-shek's betrayal in 1927.

The fact that so much has been achieved by the Chinese people suggests that they have the strength to see these reforms through. Yet we cannot overlook the fact that the obstacles of Chinese and American reaction which were surmounted in these negotiations have not been removed. Chiang Kai-shek will employ every conceivable device, including that of temporary retirement, to circumvent these decisions. American imperialism, in the form of troops, supplies, credits and firm political support continues to prop up Chinese landlordism, feudalism and corruption. Until these obstacles are removed or at least drastically weakened the Chinese revolution will be travelling a very hazardous road.

Americans are thus closely connected with the immediate future of China. American progressives have not yet accomplished the minimum program with respect to China: the withdrawal of American troops and military supplies. That program is as urgent today as it was during the Hurley period. Until the broad masses in this country recognize that the struggle against imperialist intervention in China is an integral part of the fight against the monopolies and trusts on the picket line the American people will be failing their Chinese brothers—and themselves.



B. Golden



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# READERS' FORUM

## Trotskyites in Nazi Camps

TO NEW MASSES: Trotzkyism, as betrayal from the left, is a familiar enough spectacle in the United States. Its function before the war was mainly to seek to disrupt collective security by dividing labor and attacking Roosevelt and the Soviet Union. During the war its sour proponents sought disunity of the nation through wildcat strike agitation, and disharmony of the Allies through anti-Soviet clamor.

On a higher level of class struggle, as in France, the breed chose a more obvious treachery. They helped weaken the country for the Vichy men and then went over completely to Hitler: Jacques Doriot and the sewer-novelist, Celine, being archetypes.

Yet all of them hadn't the prestige to command the immunity from the Nazis their dirty behavior merited. Many were dumped unceremoniously into concentration camps, their devious services to the cause of fascism unappreciated by the Gestapo. How in this hell, cheek by jowl with valiant politicals, did these bitter despisers of humanity conduct themselves? Did they learn, did they re-examine and repent mistakes, did they resist —as the majority of Communists and Social Democrats and Catholic Centrists did?

Rebecca West, writing in the January *Harpers*, gives us a clue—if unwittingly. Summarizing a book by a young Englishman, Christopher Burney, who spent fifteen months in Buchenwald, Miss West reveals the methods by which the crafty SS guards ruled the prison by extending privileges to a portion of the inmates, then using this miserable bloc as sub-administrators, i.e., stoolpigeons and finger-men for the labor draft. The "Greens" —the non-political criminals, the pimps and thieves—had proved unreliable; so what Burney calls the "Reds" took over for the Nazis. To this youthful and bewildered Briton and the incredibly naive Rebecca West, this corruption of the "Reds" leads to despair and a retreat into a mystical moralism. But, in passing, Burney's and West's honesty lets the cat out of the bag, for us to see even if their own eyes are cloudy. She writes: "They (the Reds) were slovenly, yet about their faith as cruelly precise as the Nazis. They were Communists, and though not orthodox members of the Communists, *being for the most part Trotskyites* (italics mine: J.B.) and all much loathed by the Red Army prisoners, they had as stern an attitude to heretics and heathens as if their orthodoxy had been unquestioned."

After implementing this charge by examples, Miss West goes on: "It may be argued that this misconduct was due to years of sequestration and ill-treatment to which these men had been subjected. But this is beautifully disproved by those others who retained their integrity unchanged through years of imprisonment. In the hospital, where nearly all the staff had cynically abandoned the bodies or souls of the sick, three German Communists, unskilled labor by calling, gravely set themselves to acquire what medical skill they could, applied it to their patients with the utmost diligence and kindness, and refused to let themselves be used as executioners or vivisectionists. . . ."

Whatever the blindness of Mr. Burney and Miss West, we are grateful for their reportorial fidelity. Through them we have one more illustration of the vicious degeneracy which is the ultimate grave of the political disease known as Trotskyism.

JOHN BRIGHT.

New York.

## Lucky Strikes

TO NEW MASSES: This letter is to acquaint you with what we are striking for and what we have been walking the picket line for these long thirteen weeks.

We are striking against the American Tobacco Company's inhuman treatment of workers. We are striking against its un-American policy of paying Negro workers less pay for the same work than white workers, its policy of paying Northern workers more than Southern workers, and its anti-labor policy of trying to break our union.

Our union here in Charleston is mostly women and girls and they have been subjected to some of the most vicious attacks that could possibly be used against workers, such as being called the most vile names the company stooges could think of in the hope of creating hatred between the two races.

All these efforts have failed, however, because the women well remember the conditions that existed before the union came and they know they will return to those conditions if the company breaks the union.

We are now in our thirteenth week of the strike. Our funds are running low. Our workers are suffering and need help badly. They will be forced to return to work, thereby causing all workers in the South and in the nation to lose, if they do not get help and get it quickly.

You can help us by sending a donation to Local 15, FTA-CIO and by refusing to buy American Tobacco Company products, especially Lucky Strike and Pall Mall. You can write to the American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., urging them to meet with us and consider our demands.

REUEL STANFIELD,
President, Local 15, FTA-CIO.

## Caudwell's Illusions

TO NEW MASSES: Louis Harap's article on Christopher Caudwell's book *Illusion and Reality* must be supplemented by the comment that the Caudwell is not good Marxism. The following quotations are evidence:

1. ". . . We may already guess that poetry expresses in a special manner the genetic, instinctive part of the individual, as opposed, say, to the novel which expresses the individual as an adapted type, as a social character, as the man realized in society."—p. 11.

2. ". . . Man's genetic individuality, his passions, his instincts, his blind desires are the means by which new economic functions, new differentiations, new standard types are being idealized as realized . . ."—p. 12.

Very English University ("Scrutiny"), non-dialectic and very false.

BILL AALTO.

New York.

## Australian Correspondent

TO NEW MASSES: I have read your paper here in Australia and was wondering if, to encourage Australasian-American relations, you could find me a fellow Party member with whom I could exchange views. I am twenty-two years of age and would like the possible pen friend to be around the same age. I am especially interested in Negroes and could tell much of our own Australian aborigines. I would appreciate writing to a Negro, especially after reading "What the Communists Did" by Joseph North in the issue of Aug. 14, 1945. I could exchange literature, give the lowdown on political moves here, tell of our Party work in Australia, and so on.

I am in the army at present. Prior to the war I was a shop assistant. My father is a fitter and turner in the South Australian State Railways. We are a strong Labor-supporting family, though I'm the only one who has moved politically Left into the true socialist party.

PVT. P. A. F.

South Australia.

*Any correspondence will be forwarded.*

## Art Looking Up

TO NEW MASSES: Congratulations on the art work in your last two issues (February 5 and 12). Let's have more Pickens, Hirsch et al.; Charles White's "Harriet Tubman" and "Negro Worker" are strong and deeply felt; and as for Gropper, now that he's out of the doldrums he's terrific. Let's have more.

FRANK JESSUP.

Belle Harbor, L. I.



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# THE REDISCOVERY OF PAINE

**By HOWARD FAST**

THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE, *collected and edited by Dr. Philip Foner. Citadel Press. $6.*

IF THERE were a national prize for historiography—and certainly there ought to be one—it would without doubt be awarded to Dr. Philip S. Foner, whose *Complete Writings of Thomas Paine* is a monumental achievement. In a frame where so little new is contributed to history, and where so much mediocrity repeats itself, deducing falsity from falsity, this new work stands out as an original and important contribution. And it is a fitting climax to a four-year period during which, under pressure of its greatest war effort, America rediscovered one of its important people's heroes. Within this period there appeared, about a man almost totally unknown in 1940, a novel, a biography, and several collections of selected works. To my knowledge, nothing that was published on Tom Paine recently received anything but an enthusiastic welcome at the hands of the public; some of the material went into the best-seller class; and surely these two volumes of Dr. Foner's will become the permanent and lasting reference on the subject.

It is not enough to say that a historical investigator has collected all of Paine that is known to exist—much of it material that was never available to the general public, or even to the specialized student, before—for this is not simply a matter of collection; it is a matter of intellectual detection that can come off only with the addition of devotion and creative skill. Both of these are qualities which Dr. Foner brings to his work, and the result is as complete a picture of Tom Paine, both the man and his work, as we have ever had.

About six years ago, I set out to lay hands on everything of Paine I could find. *Rights of Man* and *Common Sense* were available, if one went to the trouble of tracking them down; but outside of library vaults, there was no full collection of the *Crisis Papers*, and an unexpurgated edition of *Age of Reason* had become a collector's item. In a book a hundred years old, I found most of Paine's poetry and some of his theological essays, but nowhere was there an edition of his letters; and there are many pieces in Dr. Foner's book whose existence I was not even aware of. Now it is all together, in two finely-printed volumes, admirably and intelligently edited, printed in readable type on good paper, amazingly cheap, and with a chronological sequence that puts to shame most historical collections which have appeared recently.

The publishers as well as the editor are to be congratulated.

However, there has to be more than a mechanical approach to any appraisal of this collection. It was no accident that a wave of interest in Tom Paine coincided with the great war of national liberation the world fought, nor was it an accident that Paine's role and career were so carefully obscured for a century and a half. At his time, Paine was a dynamic force in the left-wing of the American Revolution, along with Barlow, Freneau, Peale, Greene and many others; they, along with him, were consigned to the dusty vaults of obscurity, and our schools taught and continue to teach that in 1776, Americans, from Hamilton to Washington to Sam Adams and Jefferson, were just one happy family, sharing a saint-like devotion to liberty and equality.

Enough has been written by now to shed light on the truth of the matter, but it should be emphasized that there is a direct continuity of tradition and development of ideology from Paine to Jefferson to Frances Wright to Robert Dale Owen to William Sylvis to Albert Parsons to Eugene Debs to Charles Ruthenberg to William Z. Foster of today; and it should be reemphasized that this tradition is wholly American, as indigenous as anything post-dating the Indians. It is more because Paine spoke, even in the 1770's, of the rights of working men that he was consigned to obscurity and calumny, than because of his religious views; for it should be remembered that while Paine was a Deist, Washington was, so far as we can tell, an agnostic and Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, Franklin and Sam Adams all freethinkers, as were most educated men of their time. It could be said that Paine wrote the *Age of Reason* and thereby drew down the wrath of ages on his head, but it should be remembered that were there any reason, on the part of the ruling class, to slander George Washington instead of turning him into their private and lifeless tin God, the story of *the one and only time* he attended a church service as president would serve as well as Paine's book.

No—the graph of the infamy blasted at Paine coincides too well with the rise of the American working class; his demands for social security and full employment are still too far from fulfillment; and his historical enemy was too obviously Teddy Roosevelt—current with the time young Roosevelt was riding to fame on contempt for and slander against our rising unions. When throughout our Middle West Paine was on to becoming the idol of freethinking and populist America, T. Roosevelt termed him "a filthy little atheist." That phrase was never forgotten.

All of this is very plainly brought to light in Dr. Foner's collection. You can read in Paine's own words the facts of his position, in terms of the American Revolution, the American people, and working people anywhere on earth. In his essay on *Agrarian Justice*, you will find much that influenced the thinking of our Populists, and in at least a dozen places in Paine's work you will find basic thought for the origin of our labor parties of the 1820's. Dr. Foner does not pull punches in his critical notes; he is honest and forthright, and he does not indulge that pathetic practice of so many historians, to negate a statement of some man of the past by lining up against it his own views, offering sympathy together with unanswerable opposition.

All of Paine is here, together with intelligent commentary, and much of it is as sharp and meaningful today as when it was written. Paine is good reading; let no one tell you differently. You will learn more of the truth of the American Revolution from his corre-



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spondence and his *Crisis Papers* than you would from a dozen popular textbooks I could name; and if you are of that frame of mind, it may relieve you to know that so many of the concepts you hold are not foreign importations.

## In One Dimension

JOHN DRYDEN: A Study of His Poetry, *by Mark Van Doren. Holt. $3.*

NO READER familiar with the critical attitudes of the twenties will have to turn back to the preface to learn that this book, now reissued, is a product of that decade. In his preface Mr. Van Doren notes that his revisions for this new edition have left the original substantially unaltered. That could have been surmised from his more recent books, which continue in their conviction of the twenties that culture is an autonomy within the social structure. Even his book *Liberal Education* proved to be a somewhat tormented effort to reconcile special cultural values with democratic social values.

The criticism of the twenties, certainly in the dominant trends, sought to abstract art from the social context. To restrict criticism to technical analysis and *pure* esthetic evaluations was its ideal, an ideal to which Mr. Van Doren stuck closer than most. In his *John Dryden* he observes, quite literally, the limitations set in the subtitle, "A Study of His Poetry." The book is exactly and solely that.

We are given a study of Dryden's poetry in the various fields in which he worked, in poetic drama, epic narrative and tales, translation, verse for occasions and polemical satire. The direct textual study proceeds from an examination of the *literary* influences on which Dryden formed his style and ends in a consideration of Dryden's place and influence in English and world literature, done in the form of an extended critical bibliography.

The presentation is made with conscientious and precise scholarship. The judgments derived from the study are sensitive and balanced. And one should add that the writing, in a restrained and inconspicuous way, is very fine. Yet the whole effect is flat and thin.

Biographical and historical references are reduced to the indispensable minimum necessary to make allusions intelligible. Physical portraiture and social backgrounds are avoided as if they could only be intrusions or, at best, an excess. The neat, restrained, textual analysis goes on; the supporting examples rise in their places; but the last effective word has been said long, unendurably long, before the actual last word.

A book like this, certainly one of the best to issue from its school, has a special demonstration value to the social critic. If he still has doubts or qualms about his new method, such a book makes clear, by the contrast, not only the new method's usefulness but the nature of its contribution. We realize then that social insight is no less than a new critical dimension. The linear course on a flat surface of Mr. Van Doren's textual criticism serves to emphasize the volume and depth that social criticism gains.

At a certain point I turned to the biographical sketch of Dryden in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and to the sections on the Restoration in Green's *History of the English People*. These conventional sources were enough to refresh my sense of the man the poet was and the times he lived in. They provided at once the perspective, background and movement lacking in Mr. Van Doren's study. The *how* to which Mr. Van Doren reserved his examination were slowly amplified by the *when* and the *where* and the *why*. The poetry itself, in the very citations given by Mr. Van Doren, began to leap from metrical exercises into an expression of life.

And not only the poetry as a whole but even the richness of the texture and the supple turns of the style brightened and became more distinct through the *non-literary* data. That Dryden's social origin was the landed gentry and that his somewhat questionable marriage fastened these social ties explains much that the most diligent of merely textual poring could not uncover; as does the fact that Dryden was rather opportunist in his politics and that much of his writing was for money in the special ways money could then be earned, through patronage registered in dedications, party propaganda and catering to a theater audience with a restricted range of taste. All of this had analyzable conditioning effects upon the poetry. As for Dryden's conversion to Catholicism, the progress toward which is reflected in the poetry, it was a chartable destination of his political and social course. Since "order" —or "quiet," as he called it—was for Dryden the greatest good, we can understand the attractions for him of the reactionary "science" of Hobbes, for whom "order" was a "common good" for the sake of which the masses ought contentedly to submit to eternal exploitation.

It is in these data that we have the clues to the backward-looking, classic-fixated content of Dryden's


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poetry and for its need for the indirect, the symbolic and the allusive. Accepting such aids, textual study itself would emerge magnified.

If this is true of Dryden's virtuoso poetry, which lends itself particularly well to textual analysis, it is much truer of other poets whose work yields less to such study. And the deficiencies of the method become particularly clear when applied to the work of poets concerned with directly expressing rather than parabling the life of their times.

Thus Mr. Van Doren is himself obliged to confess the deficiencies when dealing with Walt Whitman. In the preface to his selections for the edition of Whitman, recently issued in the Viking Press Portable Library, he writes, "Whitman's art as a poet is a matter of some mystery," and adds in the same puzzled paragraph, "Such a way with words is never to be understood. It is miraculous and must be let alone."

But Whitman was a conscious student of language and versification. He did not merely happen upon his effects. He used them, of course, because they could carry the content he had chosen. But so, in the long run, had Dryden, whose effectiveness derives, also, from forms suited to the content. If the limitations of textual criticism make it powerless to penetrate the art of a poet like Whitman, the social critic need not throw up his hands.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

## A Creature and His Times

THE CIANO DIARIES, 1939-1943, *by Count Ciano. Doubleday. $3.50.*

READ correctly and with care, this "inside story" of world politics and diplomacy by Count Galeazzo Ciano, the Fascist son-in-law of Mussolini, provides a useful illumination of the men and events of our times. But a word of caution is necessary—it must not be studied uncritically.

A first warning signal: the editor of this work is Hugh Gibson, one-time American diplomat and close collaborator of Herbert Hoover, and both notorious appeasers of international fascism. Gibson's comment that the diary is unabridged leaves unanswered a more fundamental question. Was not Ciano "playing both ends against the middle"? Did he not tailor his cloth with an eye to the future, hoping that in the event of an Allied victory against the Axis he might be called upon to play the part which later in fact fell to the lot of Marshal Badoglio?

Indeed, many American reviewers



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have lavished praise on Ciano, calling him a loving son and a good father, extolling his anti-Germanism, his frank evaluation of Italy's woeful military and moral unpreparedness for participation in World War II. Sumner Welles in his introduction concludes: "Galeazzo Ciano was the creature of his times, and the times in which he had his being are the least admirable mankind has known for many centuries." What an astonishing statement! Consciously or unconsciously, such an assertion whitewashes an Italian Fascist leader who gloried in the Italian rape of Spain, who prided himself on the attack on tiny Albania, and who remained to the end a leader of the Fascist gang despite his ever-growing fears that the Nazi hyena would devour the Fascist jackal.

Mr. Welles may be willing to gloss over Ciano's responsibilities for the many Axis crimes and acts of barbarism, attributing them to "the times." But were not the heroic Partisans of Italy, the Yugoslavs led by Tito, the *Maquis* in France, and the men of the Red Army also "creatures of their times"?

The times cannot excuse or extenuate those leaders of Fascism who saw only too clearly that the coalition of the United Nations was bound in the end to win the war. In fact, as revealed by his own writings, Ciano was in many ways worse than his revered master and father-in-law, Mussolini. Why? Because Ciano knew better. He knew how weak and unprepared Italy was in a military sense, how dangerously close to financial bankruptcy, how strong and pervasive anti-fascism was among the people of Italy.

There is a modern Italian named Alberto Moravia who wrote a novel called *Gli Indifferenti* (The Indifferent Ones). The characters in it are amoral, cynical, even nihilistic. The swaggering Ciano is like one of its figures, and it is not accidental that he met a traitor's death at the hands of the very Fascist thugs who elevated him to the highest posts in Italy.

What then can be the utility of the diaries of Count Ciano? Whatever the intent of their author, they shed a searching light on the Munich policy in Europe between world wars. Since the Munich Pact of September 1938 was the culmination of a whole series of moves to appease the Axis and, more specifically, an attempt to turn the Axis powers against the Soviet Union, a documentation of that policy from the pen of Ciano, at that time Italy's Foreign Minister, is undoubtedly valuable. Ciano's entries show the limits to which


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## *What the Philadelphia Press Says About*

## *"Jeb"*

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—*The Philadelphia Record,* Friday, Feb. 8, 1946

"In Ossie Davis, Mr. Shumlin has found a newcomer in the theater who plays the difficult part of Jeb perfectly."

—*The Philadelphia Inquirer,* Friday, Feb. 8, 1946




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"The Speaker," oil by Frances Reswick.

Great Britain was willing to go to placate the empire-hungry *Duce* and *Fuehrer*.

On Jan. 27, 1939, Ciano writes: "Lord Perth [then British Ambassador to Italy] has submitted for our approval the outline of the speech which Chamberlain will make before the House of Commons, in order that we might suggest changes, if necessary. The Duce approved it and commented: 'I believe this is the first time that the head of the British government submits to a foreign government the outline of one of his speeches.' "

Such evidence of this British Munich policy abounds in Ciano's book. The subservience of the pro-fascist leaders in the smaller countries, such as Stoyadinovich in Yugoslavia, Czaky in Hungary and Antonescu in Rumania, and their readiness to jump on the Axis bandwagon proceeded from their knowledge that the heads of the Western nations, primarily Britain and France, were straining for agreement with the Axis. It is mainly because it documents this fatal Munichism that Ciano's book is useful. Many other things in it, occasional hints or details illuminating the unsavory role of Matchek in Yugoslavia, German-Finnish collaboration prior to 1939, the attitude of the Axis toward the present Pope, the role of British Lord Halifax during the appeasement years, and the Japanese government's hesitation to subscribe to the Tripartite Pact except on terms of its own choosing, heighten this usefulness.

JOHN ROSSI.

## Worth Noting

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV, author of *And Quiet Flows the Don*, has been nominated for election to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR by the Cossacks of his native village, Veshenskaya. Sholokhov has taken an active part in the restoration of his home town, which was shelled and bombed in the course of the German Don offensive.

An election meeting in Leningrad nominated another writer, the poet Nikolai Tikhonov, as one of the city's delegates. Tikhonov's first volume of poetry appeared after the civil war, in which he fought. During the war of liberation he directed the work of the group of writers attached to the military staff of the Leningrad front. His stories of the siege are among the most brilliant accounts of the common resistance of soldiers and citizens to the Nazi invaders.

HAVE you spare copies of any books by Dreiser? The "Books For Russia" campaign of Russian War Relief, of which Bennet Cerf is the chairman, would like to satisfy the Russian interest in the great American novelist by sending copies of his works to the Soviet Union. While going through your shelves include anything else you can spare.

Books should be what are commonly regarded as classics of English and American literature, and should be in good condition with unbroken bindings. They should be sent to the Russian Relief Workroom at 35 W. 35 St., New York 1, N. Y.

THE greatest conspiracy of all time, in which governmental figures of the great powers were linked with adventurers and criminals in a continuous plot against the Soviet Union, is exposed in the new book by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn, authors of *Sabotage*. The book, entitled *The Great Conspiracy: The Secret War Against the Soviet Union*, has just been published by Little, Brown. It is a completely documented arsenal of evidence against every type of anti-Sovieteer.



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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

# ABOUT ARTISTS BY ARTISTS

## Notes on Gwathmey, Smith, Lawrence, Cohen, Ribak, Friedman and Others

### Robert Gwathmey

THE exhibition of Robert Gwathmey at the ACA Gallery was in a sense retrospective, for the earliest picture "Philadelphia Street," was dated 1936 and the last one, "Masks," was completed in 1946. It should establish Gwathmey as one of the significant artists of today.

Gwathmey is frankly a painter of ideas. His paintings are sermons against human cruelty and exploitation. Some of them—"Ancestor Worship," "The Farmer Wanted a Boy" and others—could be described, for want of a better word, as parables.

Born and raised in the South, Gwathmey became aware, early in life, of the cruel degradation to which the Negro people have been subjected. The bulk of his work concerns itself with the life of the Negro people in the South, its poverty, segregation and fear. It is this preoccupation with a single theme that gives Gwathmey's work its conviction and power. To express his ideas he has developed a technique which is personal yet easily understandable. Frankly based on two-dimensional form and the art of modern poster, it is almost stencil-like in its clarity and precision. It is also somewhat akin to the surrealism of today and to the college idea of yesterday, with it juxtaposition of elements. He has been profoundly influenced by Negro art, especially the masks; and, among the moderns, he has learned from Picasso. The human figure, as well as other objects, are abstracted from physical qualities and function within the canvas as symbols, forming integral parts of the large pattern.

If one approaches Gwathmey's work with this understanding then the criticism that he caricatures the Negro becomes baseless. On the contrary, he is motivated, as Paul Robeson says in the introduction to the catalogue, by a strong sense of responsibility in bringing the Negro problem before the people. This sets him aside from other artists who, using similar themes, paint the Negro—often with the best intentions—as picturesques, as a people who like to sing and play—"Sittin' in the Sun All Day Long." Gwathmey shows the Negro as he is, a worker, a man of dignity and responsibility who should take his rightful place in the community along with his white brother. He uses distortion—not caricature—to express form, significant gesture, movement, character. These qualities are best exemplified in "Lullaby," a haunting, finely-composed canvas, and in "Singing and Mending," which portrays a humble Negro couple seated at a bare table, the man thoughtfully strumming on a guitar and the woman mending old clothes. These two paintings seemed to me to be the high points of the exhibition.

Gwathmey uses color with understanding and daring and at times achieves unusual harmonies, as in the aforementioned "Lullaby." His latest work is mature and more abstract. It is the "expression of a man," to quote Paul Robeson again, "who wants to show how simple and good the world could be."

MOSES SOYER.

### David Smith

THE David Smith retrospective exhibition at the Willard and Buchholtz Galleries was one of the most exciting and satisfying of recent sculpture shows. Its fifty-four pieces were representative of Smith's work in the last ten years. Smith could be labelled a semi-abstractionist who works directly in metal, principally iron. But this gives little idea of his essential qualities. Through a widely varied form and subject matter two basic premises appear. The first is that of abstracting live and organic forms and working with space as well as mass. By this means the sculptor can break through the ideological limitations of single figures and express almost any idea in sculptural language. For example, "Ancient Household" in steel, one of the most simply beautiful of his pieces, includes a woman, a harp, a loom and a great deal of space, but is, nevertheless, a sculptural unit.

Smith's second basic premise is that of working directly in his final material and using the most effective modern industrial tools. He cuts, bends, casts and welds iron, bronze and steel. His pieces, rough and spontaneous in appearance, are actually finely finished. This facility could easily become dangerous but Smith has no tendency whatsoever to become a shallow decorative artist.

This discussion of abstraction and direct working of mediums may seem about twenty years late; these points have long been commonplaces in esthetic discussion. But for all the talk, they are not often applied with consistency and intelligence. And they have seldom been used as they should be—as superior tools for the expression of ideas and not as ends in themselves.

There have been a number of changes of emphasis in Smith's work in this ten-year period, but all within the theoretical framework I have described. The whole body of his work makes a consecutive unit. "Ad Mare," in steel, is one of a series made in 1938-39 which are almost straight abstractions. Then in 1940 Smith made a series of anti-fascist plaques—some in silver, some in bronze—called "Medals for Dishonor." Here he used a detailed and pictorial form of bas relief as a vehicle. These bitterly satirical drawings in metal are brilliantly executed, though they might be criticized as being over-erudite. For several years after that Smith worked in a war plant as a welder, and his artistic output almost stopped. In 1944-45 he returned to sculpture and has produced some thirty pieces. These combine the tendencies of his earlier periods, and are by far his best work. Some outstanding examples are "Big Rooster," satirizing the dominant male; "Home of the Welder" and "Boaz Dancing School," two interiors made of air and iron; "Pillar of Sunday," and "False Peace Spectre," a terrifying blue harpy bringing brassy promises.

A smashing good show, and a most encouraging one at this time when American sculpture appeared to be in the artistic doldrums.

ROBERT CRONBACH.



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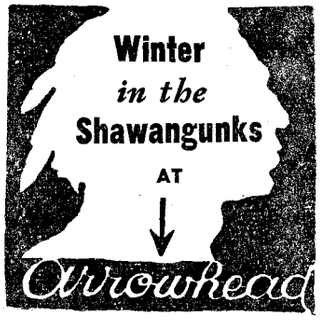


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## Jacob Lawrence

In his excellent series of twenty-two gouaches at the Downtown Gallery, Jacob Lawrence illustrated and illuminated the efforts of John Brown to liberate the Negro people from slavery.

Mr. Lawrence conceives of John Brown as a Christian martyr driven by his religious beliefs to try to free the Negro people by force. The series captures the mood of these heroic attempts. The paintings are bold, incisive and powerful in design; color and symbolism weld form with content.

The pictured martyrdom begins with a treatment linking Brown with Christ on the Cross. It continues in pictures expressing the dignified equality and unity of peoples of different races planning and working together. Some pictures give the tension of conflict, with a struggle of forms adding to the tension of the fight. Others, through effective symbols, like the procession of bayonets without people over the crest of the hill, gives the inexorable character of the struggle. In the picture No. 20, called "Brown held Harper's Ferry for twelve hours. His defeat was a few hours off," Mr. Lawrence points up the quiescent, withheld action. One can see that Brown is successful, but feel the imminence of his defeat. In No. 21 Brown is shown after his capture, quiet, smouldering, a defeated man with crucifix in hand. Finally in No. 22 we reach the climax with Brown, the martyr, hanging.

The series points the way to a better understanding of John Brown's place in American history. It is good that the entire series was bought by Milton Lowenthal, but it is to be hoped that sometime soon the series will be reproduced in silk screen, a medium to which they are well fitted, so that they may reach many others.

Cecile and David Shapiro.

## Hy Cohen

It is always interesting to see an artist exhibit in a medium new to him. Though Hy Cohen, long known as an excellent water-colorist, does not appear to feel as much freedom in oils as in his water colors, nevertheless he approaches this new medium with admirable straightforwardness.

Many of the canvases recently at the ACA have a fine sense of organization, particularly those of the city where, to quote from Mr. Cohen's own thoughtful catalogue foreword, "the figures are all preoccupied . . . each figure seems intent on his own concern." Herein may be found the pictures' partial weakness. This "inner concern" of the figures gives the paintings a cold aloofness that the colors seem to belie. For the colors, though slightly repetitious, are warm and glowing, and give promises of hope that the figures deny.

To my mind his landscapes, in which he is not quite as self-conscious, are more successful. He is completely free when he does a tree or a quiet meadow. It is to be hoped that he carries this freedom into his new paintings of people and of the complex patterns of the city.

Geri Pine.

## Louis Ribak

Today, when there are so many complex tendencies in art, it is refreshing to find simple and straightforward painting such as Louis Ribak's in his recent ACA show. Representing two years' work in Taos, New Mexico, the paintings are frank, forceful, realistic and spontaneous canvases, far removed from the customary flamboyant representations of that countryside, an exhilarating experience to see.

We have here understanding recordings of the hilly landscape of the Southwest, together with an amazingly convincing portrayal of its people. The large "Christmas Eve Procession" of solemn Indians, earth-colored in browns and reds, carrying torches under a cloudy night sky, makes an eerie and striking nocturne.

An exponent of the Bellows-Sloan school, Ribak's work embodies not only its virtues but also its faults, which American art has been overcoming in the last few decades. These faults are a tendency towards illustrativeness and often a lack of textural qualities in painting.

However, these are here outweighed by the virtues—vigorous draftsmanship, sympathetic understanding of people and nature and simplicity and directness of approach.

Raphael Soyer.

## Martin Friedman

Martin Friedman, recently showing at the Perls Galleries, must have worked long and lovingly over each canvas to have produced such rich-textured paintings. His kinship to Rembrandt is shown by his luminescence, from strong, glowing lights to deep resonant darks. However, he lacks the master's powerful forms and love of



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human beings that added moving significance to those lights and darks. Friedman's forms are suggestive and impressionistic; his people insignificant in settings of shore and quarry. One marked exception is "The Cathedral," where the people, huddled small and vague in the shadows, add to the feeling of the awe and immensity of the Cathedral interior. From his study of Cezanne, Friedman did learn to relate his planes in space. Along with this background, he is heading towards the modern idiom of abstraction. He is thus fusing his past heritage with the present trends into an individual expression.

Martin Friedman is an excellent painter, a fine artist. I wonder, with such equipment, to what heights could his talents lead him were he to widen his horizons to enfold a more vital and varied content—including his fellow beings.

LENA GURR.

## Minna Citron

MINNA CITRON's recent show at the ACA was for me an exhilarating experience. For a good many years I have thought of her as an excellent painter, a realist, a satirist. She is all of that and now something more.

Undoubtedly some of her staunch supporters will deplore her explorations in the abstract realm. Her present offerings ask a good deal of the beholder. There is no neat summing up, no precise statement. This is picture-making in the abstract, with emphasis on texture and rhythm of design. It demands of the spectator a sensitivity to the new idioms of paint—the algebra following arithmetic.

Her "Dear John" will probably be most acceptable to the gallery visitor. It is a harmonious blend of the old and new idioms, but to me less exciting than "Resting" and "Dancer," different presentations of the same set of rhythms. "Devastation" is a magnificent piece of work—color and motion alone carry the theme admirably.

I should like to quote from a statement of Picasso's made in 1923: "Variation does not mean evolution. If an artist varies his mode of expression this only means that he has changed his manner of thinking, and in changing, it might be for the better or it might be for the worse." Minna Citron has undoubtedly changed her way of thinking, and in my opinion has increased her already considerable stature.

MARGARITA GIBBONS.

## Frances Reswick

THE onlooker cannot but be impressed by the sincerity of Frances Reswick, whose paintings were lately at the Norlyst. Her attention is focused on the role of women in this period. The idea of the painting is often expressed by extreme action or violent gesture, but several canvases, such as "The Serene Woman," are of a calm and majestic quality, as though embodying the patient endurance of women. Her work, however, is of uneven quality. Some canvases, such as "The Speaker," "The Beautiful First Harvest" and "And the Fields Will Bloom Again," are a satisfying integration of content, form and color. But in others, like "The Massacre of the Greeks—December 1944," there is a lack of mass design and a strong black line which tends to destroy the form. In these too there is a certain drabness and lack of variety in color. When once this artist overcomes these shortcomings, we shall have, with the emotional intensity which is hers, a balanced painter of significance.

JEROME SECKLER.

## Round-up

A SURPRISE lay in wait for the many admirers of Joseph Solman, who have known him mainly as a sensitive painter of moody, New York City-scapes and somber still lifes. His exhibition at the Bonestell consisted of twelve studies in gouache for a Mozart portrait, reproduced in serigraphy (silk screen) by Leonard Pytlak.

It seems there are in existence some twenty-six portraits of Mozart, most of them spurious and prettified and none of them alike. The single exception is a drawing from life made by an obscure artist of the time, Dora Stock. Mr. Solman uses this portrait, written descriptions by Mozart's contemporaries and the music itself as the basis of his studies. To "exemplify the homophonic or linear aspect of eighteenth-century music" Mr. Solman uses the profile exclusively. Whether this strange and illusive personality, Puckish and Pinocchio-like, created by Mr. Solman actually pierces to the inner spirit of Mozart, I don't know, but the gouaches are marked by fine taste and whimsical humor. This is almost a two-man show, so artistically and sensitively did Mr. Pytlak reproduce the gouaches.

ABRAHAM HARRITON was the subject of an exhaustive study in this column in May 1944. His recent exhibition

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did not disclose any unusual changes or new directions. It could have been characterized as a repeat performance except that this show was lacking in the personal documents that made the earlier show so outstanding (the portrait of his soldier son, his wife writing a letter, the study of the lanky ballet girl, etc.).

Mr. Harriton is a competent painter who knows how to compose a picture. His progress is most in evidence in the excellent solid self-portrait, the Provincetown landscape and the dramatic "Mother and Child."

VICTOR TISCHLER: his drawings, watercolors and pastels at the Passedoit were eclectic, highly cultured, thoughtful work. Some drawings were beautiful, especially "Fisherwoman," "Sleeping Girl," "Medea."

DONALD KARSHAN: a sixteen-year-old boy, whose charcoal drawings at the RoKo Gallery showed him to be a very talented young artist of great potentialities.

TRIBUNE BOOK AND ART CENTER: The director of this gallery, Mr. Friedrich George Alexan, is playing impresario to a group of young artists. The unusually favorable reception of this exhibition has so encouraged Mr. Alexan that he has decided to devote the gallery exclusively to young painters and sculptors. For this he cannot be too highly praised. The art world is in need of exactly such a gallery. The present exhibition is stimulating and of more than usual interest. An anonymous art lover has donated $100 to be awarded as prizes; a group of distinguished people in art and literature comprised the jury.

Among the artists whose work stands out are Nat Koffman, who won first prize with a lively, colorful "Walk Through the Woods"; Jeanne Edwards, whose well-composed "Interior with Nude" is distinguished by its opalescent color and elusive, whimsical quality; Nell Booker, whose nervous brushstroke seems to animate every inch of her canvases; David Ruff, who works somewhat in the style of Rouault. Others who show talent are Connie Elsbach (sculpture), Sid Gotcliffe (whose linoleum cuts are well known to readers of NEW MASSES), Lorrie De Creeft, Lawrence Woodman and Stanley Blake, about whom I wrote some time ago.

M. S.

# MUSIC

OLIVIER MESSIAEN, currently referred to as the "atom bomb" of contemporary French music, is rapidly crystallizing into a postwar legend of the first order. Rumor has already done much to excite curiosity about this young composer and his startling innovations. And unless I am very much mistaken we shall soon witness a Messiaen cult.

His "Quartet" *For the End of Time*, performed at the recent France Forever concert, was composed during his German captivity, but on the surface it reflects little immediate experience. It is withdrawn and might, so far as content is concerned, have been composed at any other time. It is mystical and religious in theme, as can be judged from the superscription: "In homage to the angel of the Apocalypse, who raises his hand toward heaven and says, 'Time will be no more.'" If I may permit myself the irreverence, it suggests a highly self-conscious twentieth-century modernist trying to speak the language of St. Francis. Messiaen's vision is pictorial and precise and naive—birds sing matins; but the birds are "the opposite of time"; praise of Jesus, becomes a long, impressive phrase, symbolically suggesting The Word; another adoration, in a violin solo, presents the Word, now become the Flesh, and a sharp climax depicts the identification of man with spirit, the ascent to God—and the annihilation of time.

I have given this summary at greater length than the music warrants simply because I see in Messiaen only another symptom of that neo-primitivism increasingly fashionable in certain postwar literary and artistic circles. Messiaen's music is stark, direct, cut down to the bone, harsh in its naive realism, self-consciously non-melodic. It has something of Rouault's angularity and simplicity, without his richness of color. It startles by the glaring contrast between the pseudo-medievalism of its associations and the modernity of its idiom. "Sensational" music—in the manner of the twenties, except that here it is fitted to a religious pattern—it startles and surprises and shocks. But it does not move. At least it did not move me.

The songs of Francis Poulenc, set to words by Paul Eluard, followed on the program. Admirably sung by Maggie Teyte, they brought back an older and —so far as idiom is concerned—a more familiar style; but they were rich and



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touched with feeling. And the Twelfth String Quartet of Darius Milhaud, written in memory of Gabriel Faure, suggested the master-hand in its lovely craftsmanship—so modern, delicate and without show—clear evidence that Milhaud is still the leader of French composers, and not by virtue of age alone. The Guilet String Quartet, with Augustin Duques, clarinettist, and E. Robert Schmitz, played beautifully.

THE PHILHARMONIC paid tribute, at last, to the late Bela Bartok. In a program that included excellent performances of Brahms' *Third Symphony* and Berlioz' *Roman Carnival Overture*, George Szell conducted Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*. The composer called this symphonic a concerto because of its tendency "to treat of single instruments or instrumental groups in a concertant or soloist manner." Written in 1943 for the Koussevitsky Musical Foundation as a memorial to Natalie Koussevitsky, the work had been previously presented by the Boston Symphony. It is a vigorous work, revealing a distinctive musical personality. Though not the greatest of his work, it is fully characteristic of this modern master.

I HAVE been somewhat remiss in not having given deserved attention to an institution which is today providing the most consistently artistic programs in New York City. I am referring to the YMHA at Lexington Avenue and 92nd Street. Its audiences are without doubt among the most intelligent and musically responsive. This was brought home to me by the concerts in the Bach and Mozart series performed by Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick. Here was forthright playing and unusual musicianship. I would also like to mention the concerts by the Saidenberg Little Symphony, which are noteworthy for the unhackneyed character of their programs. My only criticism of the "Y" programs would be that they have too much of a tendency to emulate the Town Hall concerts—in repeating the standard repertory of Beethoven quartets, traditional chamber music and solo works. I should like to see a little more experimentation. The "Y" could very easily become the musical center of New York. There is much old and modern music that rarely gets performed. There is a rich store of folksong, of lieder. I should like to hear Mr. Kirkpatrick in a historical recital of harpsichord music. I am sure there are audiences which would welcome such programs.

FREDERIC EWEN.


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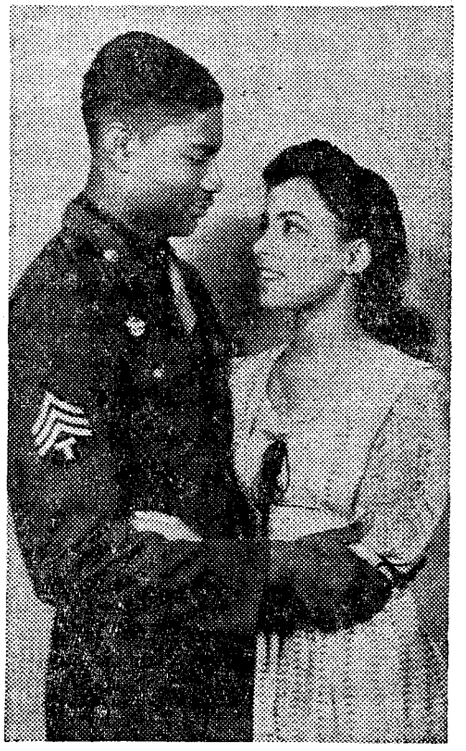

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